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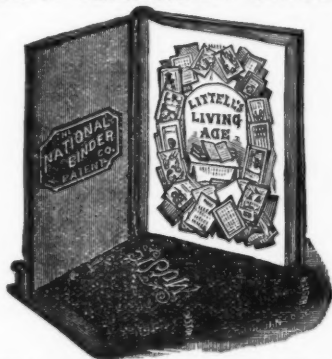
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,  
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## THE WORLD IN ARMOR.

THREE SONNETS ON THE EUROPEAN  
OUTLOOK.

## I.

UNDER this shade of crimson wings ab-  
horred  
That never wholly leaves the sky serene, —  
While Vengeance sleeps a sleep so light,  
between  
Dominions that acclaim Thee overlord, —  
Sadly the blast of Thy tremendous word,  
Whate'er its mystic purport may have been,  
Echoes across the ages, Nazarene :  
*Not to bring peace Mine errand, but a  
sword.*

For lo, Thy world uprises and lies down  
In armor, and its Peace is War, in all  
Save the great death that weaves War's  
dreadful crown ;  
War unennobled by heroic pain,  
War where none triumph, none sublimely  
fall,  
War that sits smiling, with the eyes of  
Cain.

## II.

When London's Plague, that day by day  
enrolled  
His thousands dead, nor deigned his rage  
to abate  
Till grass was green in silent Bishopsgate,  
Had come and passed like thunder, — still,  
'tis told,  
The monster, driven to earth, in hovels old  
And haunts obscure, though dormant, lin-  
gered late,  
Till the dread Fire, one roaring wave of  
fate,  
Rose, and swept clean his last retreat and  
hold.  
In Europe live the dregs of Plague to-day,  
Dregs of full many an ancient Plague and  
dire,  
Old wrongs, old lies of ages blind and  
cruel.  
What if alone the world-war's worldwide  
fire  
Can purge the ambushed pestilence away ?  
Yet woe to him that idly lights the fuel !

## III.

A moment's fantasy, the vision came  
Of Europe dipped in fiery death, and so  
Mounting reborn, with vestal limbs aglow,  
Splendid and fragrant from her bath of  
flame.  
It fled ; and a phantom without name,  
Sightless, dismembered, terrible, said :  
" Lo,

I am that ravished Europe men shall know  
After the morn of blood and night of  
shame."

The spectre passed, and I beheld alone  
The Europe of the present, as she stands,  
Powerless from terror of her own vast  
power,  
'Neath novel stars, beside a brink un-  
known ;  
And round her the sad kings, with sleep-  
less hands,  
Piling the faggots, hour by doomful hour.  
Spectator. WILLIAM WATSON.

## AN ISLAND FISHERMAN.

I GROAN as I put out  
My nets on the say,  
To hear the little *girshas* shout,  
Dancin' among the spray.

*Ochone*, the childher pass  
An' lave us to our grief,  
The stranger took my little lass  
At the fall o' the leaf.

Why would you go so fast  
With him you never knew !  
In all the throuble that is past  
I never frowned on you.

The light of my old eyes !  
The comfort o' my heart !  
Waitin' for me your mother lies  
In blessed Innishart.

Her lone grave I keep  
From all the cold world wide,  
But you in life an' death will sleep  
The stranger beside.

*Ochone* ! my thoughts are wild ;  
But little blame I say ;  
An ould man hungerin' for his child,  
Fishin' the livelong day.

You will not run again  
Laughin' to see me land.  
O, what was pain an' trouble then,  
Holdin' your little hand ?

Or when your head let fall  
Its soft curls on my breast ?  
Why do the childher grow at all  
To love the stranger best ?

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

From The Contemporary Review.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

EUROPE at this moment may be likened to a huge arsenal. It is literally bristling with bayonets from the Thames to the Volga, and from the North Cape to that of Matapan. Even little Greece, though she cannot pay the interest on her debt, must have war-ships. Yet all the sovereigns and rulers in chorus stoutly maintain, and, no doubt in almost every case honestly maintain, that the one anxiety of their lives is that peace shall not be broken. The expenditure for military purposes is so tremendous that the producing and the propertied classes are alike staggering under its weight. Everywhere huge deficits are being met by increased taxation, or staved off by new loans. Italy is, perhaps, in the very worst case of any, but her condition is typical. The enthusiasm which, within the lifetime of many of us, made Italians offer up their lives freely on the battlefield and the scaffold for their Fatherland one and united, has been crushed out by sheer hunger. Men cannot be enthusiastic with nothing in their stomachs. To large classes in Italy life is rapidly being made impossible by the burden of taxation.

Yet all this is in a time of profound and unbroken peace. The situation would be laughable if it were not so desperately serious. It is as if every available man in the British Islands were enrolled in the police force, and were constantly patrolling to protect agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, all of which were dying out for want of labor and by reason of the cost of the police protection.

There is only one reason in the least degree adequate to palliate, I will not say excuse, this anomalous and monstrous condition of things in Europe. The Eastern question—which means, What is to be done with the unspeakable Turk when he is considerate enough to give up the ghost?—is always with us. But, serious as this is, it is not easy to account for, far less to justify, the present armed condition of Europe. No; the reason is that, as

the result of the great struggle of a quarter of a century ago, the new German Empire took back from France certain German lands which had been wrested from the Holy Roman Empire two hundred years before by force or fraud. Those lands, thus regained by Germany, are Alsace and Lorraine.

Now, I was so fortunate as to spend a night during the bombardment of Strassburg in the trenches of the German besiegers at Kehl; subsequently I visited the outposts of the besieging army before Metz; and immediately after the surrender of the latter city I acted as one of the commissioners of the War Victims Fund in Metz—a city then stricken with pestilence, for small-pox and typhoid fever followed close in the track of the armies. From that centre we visited the whole of Alsace and Lorraine, and later every part of France in which the German armies were or had been. Death has severed many of the friendships then formed, but many still remain, and some have been perpetuated in the second and even the third generation.

It is not then to be wondered at that the fate of Alsace and Lorraine should have a deep interest for me, especially as it is the uncertainty in the minds of the people of Europe as to that fate which is the occasion of the constant alarm of war, and thus the one hindrance to a general disarmament, in which alone Europe can find its salvation, or indeed escape from financial, industrial, and social ruin. The first thing to be done in order to bring about a better state of things is to get rid of all delusions, and to really know what are the condition and prospects of the conquered provinces.

In order to ascertain this, I have spent the past six months in Alsace and Lorraine, with my headquarters at Strassburg, making very frequent excursions by railway or tricycle to Metz and Mühlhausen, as well as to the remotest country villages. I have had many hundreds of conversations in French or German, as the case might be, with all sorts and conditions of men and women—with the imperial vice-

regent the Statthalter Prince Hohenlohe, with the commanding general of the Fifteenth Army Corps, stationed at Strassburg, his Excellency von Blume, with the Bürgermeister of Strassburg, with members of all shades of opinion of the *Landes Ausschuss*, or Alsatian Parliament, with Jesuits in the cities, and with country curés and Protestant pastors in the villages, with farmers and peasants everywhere, and with their wives and daughters. Many of them remembered the benefits conferred upon them by the War Victims Fund and were disposed to treat me with confidence and without suspicion.

I also crossed the frontiers and stayed for days with French friends.

In Alsace-Lorraine itself, I had relations with members of the *Ligue Patriotique*, the *raison d'être* of which is to restore the lost provinces to France, and who never mention Germany or the Germans without spitting and cursing, and with others — old friends who find themselves the last of a very numerous circle, and who only wait before going into final exile until their boys have reached the age of seventeen, when they must elect whether they will be French or German, and when they will at once elect to be French, and will leave Alsace or Lorraine forever. In order to understand my subject I have neglected no means.

Alsace and that portion of Lorraine ceded to Germany, as the result of the war, contains 5,580 square miles. It is exactly one-third *larger* than the island of Jamaica, and one-tenth *smaller* than the county of Yorkshire. The population in 1871 was 1,549,738; in 1880, 1,562,880; in 1890, 1,603,506. Of these roughly speaking 1,230,000 are Catholics, 320,000 Protestants, and 40,000 Jews.

It came under the Roman domination through the conquests of Julius Cæsar, and remained for five centuries an integral portion of the Roman Empire. Early in the fifth century it was ravaged by the Goths and Alains, and was occupied in the south by the Allemanni, and in the north by the Franks. About the five-hundredth year of our

era, the Allemanni were defeated in the great battle of Tolbiac, and were driven definitively beyond the Rhine, and the whole of the left bank became a province of the Franks. This was followed by the conversion of Clodwig (Clovis). The old names then ceased to be used, that of *Alsacia* taking their place, from the river Ell, or Ill, which flows into the Rhine at Strassburg, which is called "Alsa" in old titles — Ellsass, the country of the Ill. *Alsacia* was sometime attached to the Austrian kingdom, whose capital was Metz, but in 870, on the division of the empire between Charles the Bald and Louis the German, it was definitively united to the German Empire. Throughout the Middle Ages, Alsace was the cradle, or one of the cradles, of German thought, art, architecture, and civilization.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the "friends of God," with Eckard and Tauler at their head, prepared the way for the Reformation. Early in the fifteenth century Gutenberg set up his printing-press at Strassburg, and Martin Schon, or Schongauer, engraved his copper plates. The Reformation practically secured the whole of Alsace. Sturm von Sturmeck withstood the Catholic persecutions and founded a Protestant Strassburg University.

Meanwhile, as France became a strong, centralized power, she naturally longed to extend her dominion eastward. Louis XI., when dauphin, checked by the citizens of Basle at St. Jakob, in 1444, retired and wintered with his army in Alsace. Henry II., the husband of Catherine de Medici, took the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, from the German Empire, and essayed to do the like by Strassburg, but in vain. In 1617, the Austrian archdukes made over all their rights to the Spanish line. The Alsacians hated the Spanish *régime*, and this threw them into the arms of France, and in the utter weakness of the German Empire after the Thirty Years' War, there was nothing for it but to accept the "protection" of the

French monarch. The work of Riche-lieu was completed by Louis XIV., and in 1681, in a time of profound peace, the grand old German city, with its muster the glory of all Germany, became an integral part of the French monarchy.

The Protestant worship was tolerated, almost all the churches being divided into two in the strangest possible fashion, a half being given to each communion. The cathedral was restored to the Roman Catholic rite, although at the time there were but three Roman Catholic families in Strassburg. The German University flourished more than ever under the French government. In history, philology, and law, it produced great lights — Johannes Schilter, Jeremias Oberlin, and Johann Scherz. Goethe attended the university, together with Herder, in 1770-71.

Economically, Alsace had good reason to be grateful to the French régime; the cultivation of the vine and of tobacco was carefully fostered by the French government. But, without violent persecution, a steady, relentless war was made against the Protestant faith, and by the time the Revolution came the bulk of the population had been won back to Catholicism. No one rejoiced more in the era of civil and religious liberty than seemed to be dawning in 1789 than did the Protestant inhabitants of Strassburg; but the noblest and best of them perished on the guillotine in 1794. During "the Terror," the then mayor of Strassburg, a man named Mouet, from Savoy, seriously proposed that all German-speaking Alsations should be deported, and the land divided among good French *sans-culottes*.

Mühlhausen, which up to that time had been attached to the Swiss confederation, was annexed to France in 1798. Many families then left it, rather than change their nationality. This is curious, as now, after less than one hundred years — at the time of the war it was only seventy-two years — there is no spot in all Alsace that is so uncompromisingly French and so bitter

against the Germans as Mühlhausen. As a matter of fact, Strassburg and, to a great extent, Alsace, remained essentially German in language, culture, and sentiment, until the principles of 1789 and the victories of the Empire awoke a strong French patriotic sentiment. Kleber, Kellermann, and Rapp were Alsations, and Marshal Ney was the son of a miner at Saarbrücken. The name is a common one still in and around Metz; I noticed it over a small grocer's shop there. Probably he is a cousin of the great field marshal, *le brave des braves*. It was a terrible blow to the young heroes of the war of liberation when the determined opposition of Russia prevented Alsace and Lorraine being re-incorporated with Germany.

In 1872, one hundred and sixty thousand of the inhabitants declared that they would remain French, and fifty thousand actually emigrated to France, thus going into perpetual exile. We now come to the kernel of the whole question. The French allege that Europe is at this hour one great armed camp, because, contrary to the rights of men and the spirit of the age, Germany has cruelly, brutally, and violently torn from France an integral portion of its territory against the will of the inhabitants. The favorite image used to represent Alsace by French writers is that of a daughter — ravished away from her mother by a cruel spoiler — who in tears and anguish constantly stretches out her hands to her mother France, imploring release from the soul-crushing bondage under which she is sinking. Even an enlightened statesman like Jules Simon felt himself compelled to employ this image. They maintain that there can be no permanent peace in Europe until this outrage has been atoned for, and the annexed provinces have been restored to France. They insist that to dispose of a people without their expressed consent is a violence only worthy of a barbarous age. Did not France obtain the consent of Savoy and Nice, expressed by *plébiscite*, before those provinces were transferred from Italy to France? It



is hardly worth while at this time of day to inquire whether that *plébiscite* was or was not a hypocritical fraud, and as to the question whether Germany was justified in taking territory at the close of its successful war, it is undoubtedly an admirable question for debating societies, but it is purely academical, and does not belong to the region of practical politics. With regard to it, I will now only remark that I am profoundly convinced from intercourse with large numbers of Frenchmen in France, and of French sympathizers in Alsace, that if Alsace and Lorraine had never been severed from the mother country, and even more if to-morrow they were restored to France, the peace of Europe would not be materially advanced. France would still smart under her great defeat; she would still yearn for a *revanche*; but the possession of the great fortresses of Strassburg and Metz would give her a double-barrelled pistol to present at Karlsruhe, Stuttgart, and Munich.

As an illustration of this I may mention that when, a month ago, I passed a day in the company of my old friend, M. Emile Erckmann, known to fame as one of the authors of the immortal stories of Erckmann-Chatrian, he had been expressing the very natural and proper sentiment to him as a Frenchman that the cause of the present armed state of Europe and all our woe was the fact that Germany had dismembered France and taken territory, instead of being content with a few more milliards. "Yes," said a crony, an old gentleman who was present, "to take territory was contrary to the spirit of the age, and the occasion of all subsequent bad feeling. No, frontiers should be always respected; to alter them is barbarous." "Yes," chimed in M. Erckmann's housekeeper, an intelligent and educated woman, "all the mischief arose through taking the provinces." And almost in the same breath, she added, "There is only one natural frontier to France, and that is the Rhine;" and the old gentleman repeated with emotion, "Only one nat-

ural frontier, the Rhine." M. Erckmann said nothing; I think he must have seen the humor, not to say the irony, of the situation. Why is the Rhine the natural frontier of France? Why should Belgium and a great part of Holland, and of Germany, be absorbed in order to round off France? What good reason is there to call the Rhine the natural frontier rather than the Elbe, the Oder, or the Vistula? Yet this is what French people feel even after all their defeats and humiliations. It was because Napoleon III. felt that if he could but give to France the frontier of the Rhine he would assure his dynasty for, at least, another generation, that much against his natural will and inclination he made war in 1870.

Now, after a quarter of a century, to inquire whether Germany was justified in annexing Alsace and Lorraine, is a purely academical question to discuss; it can serve no purpose of practical politics. The men who rule Germany now are not responsible for that annexation. The emperor was then a boy of eleven years of age. It would be just as practical to inquire whether England was justified in annexing Oude, France Algiers, or Sardinia Tuscany. A quarter of a century is a long time even in the life of a nation. The Flavian dynasty, which has left such indelible marks on the world, did not last so long. The first French Republic and the Consulate and the Empire together were comprised within that period. But let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that in the event of the conquered provinces being restored to France in exchange for gold, France would be absolutely satisfied, not only now but for all time to come. A distinguished member of the French Legislative Chamber, a Protestant, and a man largely interested in manufactures, recently wrote some earnest essays to prove that France and Germany were natural allies and had almost identical interests. "Let Germany but accept gold in exchange for the two provinces and all cause of quarrel will be removed, and we can then swear eternal

friendship and join our forces against the common enemy—England!" It is fair to say that this benevolent and peace-loving statesman did not propose to make war upon us with swords and guns, but only to ruin our industries! Apart from any side issue to England, is such a settlement practical or even possible? The answer must be an emphatic and an absolute No. Party politics in Germany are conducted with a bitterness happily unknown in this country; but on one point all politicians and very nearly all men and women in Germany are agreed, and that is, that the last man and the last gold piece must be staked in order to retain the two fair German lands, which were redeemed to the Fatherland, not with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of its noblest sons. On this question all parties and all classes are agreed. The only German I ever heard express any doubt as to the retention of Alsace and Lorraine was Herr Liebknecht—a worthy and eminent man, it is true—but I gravely doubt whether even he would recommend the restoration upon any terms to France, and I am certain, if he did so, that he would fail to carry with him more than an inconsiderable fraction, even of the extreme Social Democrats. The emperor is the very last man to entertain such an idea for a moment. Were he seriously to consider it, it would cost him his imperial crown.

Those who know Germany will bear me out when I say that so long as the German nation continues—I do not say merely the German *Empire*, for a German *Republic* might take its place without changing the national sentiment—Alsace and Lorraine will never, upon any terms, be voluntarily given back to France.

A very distinguished and an altogether disinterested man, M. Edouard Tallichet, the editor of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, the great Swiss quarterly, now a century old, maintains the exact contrary. In a series of very able articles, commencing immediately after the war and continuing almost to the

present time, he has consistently supported the thesis that in taking Alsace and Lorraine Germany committed a great wrong, and that Europe stands upon the brink of an unexampled calamity until that false step has been retraced. From a conversation I had with him recently, I fear that he holds this pessimistic view of the situation as strongly as ever. His latest suggestion is that Alsace and Lorraine shall be restored to France, and that Germany shall find indemnification in a French colony—say Tonquin, or the French Congo—of vastly greater extent and importance than the two provinces. With profound respect for the eminent editor, it seems to me that he altogether misses the German sentiment in this matter. Alsace and Lorraine are valued by Germany, not as producing so much taxation, or as being worth so many milliards of marks. The cost of their retention is altogether out of proportion to any pecuniary advantage they may bring to the Fatherland. Strassburg and Metz are felt to be bulwarks, instead of, in French hands, being a standing and dangerous menace to southern Germany. But above and beyond this, Germany feels the provinces are bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, and would no more barter them away for territory, be it ever so extensive, elsewhere, than would Great Britain hand over the province of Ulster to a foreign power in exchange, say, for one of the States of the Great American Republic, though that State be as large as the whole of Great Britain. No, whatever may be our theoretical view of the right and wrong of the situation, Germany will never yield up the provinces until Germany as a nation ceases to exist.

A second alternative was proposed, as far back as 1870, by the Count Agénor de Gasparin, and it has received a very large amount of attention and support ever since. The proposal is to neutralize Alsace and Lorraine, or rather those portions of the two provinces that Germany took over, and to dismantle the great fortresses of Strassburg and Metz. The advocates of this

plan say: "Make Alsace and Lorraine neutral, and restore the neutrality of Luxemburg and you have a great neutral belt, or zone, consisting of Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, Lorraine, Alsace, and Switzerland, which would effectually shut the two great belligerent powers of France and Germany away from one another, and would render it as impossible for them to go to war as for a whale to make war upon an elephant."

M. Tachard, a Frenchman by birth, an Alsatian by adoption, and a German by education, simply lives for the realization of this idea, and says he desires only to have the word "tampon" inscribed upon his tombstone. He was ambassador of France at the court of Brussels during the *régime* of Gambetta, and with rare devotion ever since he has urged his views at most of the European courts. It is, at first sight, a most taking idea; but upon examination I fear it will be found to be absolutely impracticable. To begin with, what would be the value of a declaration of neutrality, unless accompanied by guarantees? The joint and several guarantees of all the great powers would alone carry weight. Would they give these guarantees? England, it is certain, would not be allowed by her people to do so. We have too many commitments of the kind already entered upon with a light heart by our predecessors, but which it is more than doubtful whether we or our sons, in case of extreme need, should feel ourselves bound to go to war about. The other powers—Russia, Austria, and Italy—would be less likely even than England to give such guarantees.

I was on the Swiss frontier in January, 1871, when Bourbaki's army of eighty thousand men came tumbling over from France in hideous ruin. If the whole army, or, as I should prefer to call it, the militia of Switzerland had not been there to receive the unwelcome guests, they would have entered Switzerland as an army, and not disarmed and as prisoners. The Germans would almost certainly have followed them, and then, treaty or no treaty,

guarantees or no guarantees, the neutrality of Switzerland would for the time have been at an end, and it would probably have had the misfortune to become again the battle-ground of contending nations, as it was a hundred years ago.

As to France, France would only accept the neutralization of the provinces as a means of making their reconquest more easy. I believe the neutralization of Alsace and Lorraine would make war more imminent than it is now. Germany believes this, and it is ridiculous to suppose that she would even consider the razing of the immense fortifications of Metz and Strassburg, unless France was prepared to dismantle the huge works at Belfort.

No, Germany would regard neutralization purely and simply as a first step towards handing back the provinces to France. Neutralization is impossible; nobody sincerely desires it, and if it could be obtained, the danger to the peace of Europe would be increased rather than diminished.

If, then, it is vain, and even absurd, to look to the elimination of the danger of a great war, either by the restoration of the provinces to France, or by their neutralization, thus forming a buffer-state between the probable belligerents, what alternative remains to us? First, and foremost, to look the facts fairly and squarely in the face, and to realize that Alsace and Lorraine are at least as absolute and integral parts of Germany as Savoy and Nice are of France. When France and Europe recognize this certain truth, we shall have made a first step towards an era of peace.

"Alsace has not entirely become German, but it has absolutely ceased to be French. For its complete restoration to the Fatherland we must wait until the generation that was in middle life at the time of the war has entirely died out."

These words were addressed to me six months ago by General von Blume, commander of the Fifteenth Army Corps, at Strassburg. It may be objected that this is an *ex parte* state-

ment; but the result of continuous and painstaking investigation during the past six months convinces me that it is a true statement. It was made to me under circumstances which, I think, throw some light upon the present condition of Alsace, and I may, perhaps, therefore be excused for briefly referring to them.

The key of the position at the battle of Wörth was the Château of Froeschweiler, then the residence of Count Ferdinand Eckbrecht von Dürkheim-Montmartin. The church—which was burned to the ground in the action, and was subsequently rebuilt in magnificent style as a thank-offering by all Germany—drew the fire of the German artillery, and thus the château escaped with comparatively little injury.

Count Dürkheim had passed a long life in the service of the French government. He was sous-préfet of Ham at the time that Prince Buonaparte (the subsequent Emperor Napoleon III.) was confined in the château, under a sentence of lifelong imprisonment. Kindness he was then able to show to his prisoner was never forgotten, and at the time of the *coup d'état* Dürkheim was préfet of Colmar. He then received the important position of inspector-general of telegraphs for the whole of France, and in that capacity it became his duty to hand to his former prisoner, and later master, the despatches telling of the disasters of Spickern and of Wörth. His eldest son fought on MacMahon's staff at Wörth, and died of typhus, near Sedan. It was at this time that I made Count Dürkheim's acquaintance, an acquaintance which became an intimate and affectionate friendship for the remainder of his life. Dürkheim, though a Frenchman by education and long service, never forgot that he came of a long and illustrious line of German nobles, and he felt that he was best serving his Fatherland of Alsace by loyally recognizing the new order of things, and becoming as good a German subject of the Emperor William as he had been a French subject of King Louis Philippe and of the Em-

peror Napoleon. He suffered as all men suffer who are before their time. His neighbors, friends, and relatives regarded him as a traitor to France, and the Germans themselves, with doubtful wisdom and gratitude, hesitated to push forward in the administration one who was thus regarded by his neighbors. His last years were passed in Austria with a son in the Austrian service, and were occupied in the preparation of his memoirs, a book which had a very great success in Germany, and brought him into communication with hosts of new friends who made happy his declining days.

Before his death he had the satisfaction to see his son Albert happily married and settled in the old château, and to assist at the baptism of an heir to the house of Dürkheim-Montmartin. It was at this château on the occasion of the great annual shooting in the forest of Froeschweiler, that General von Blume expressed the opinion just quoted. There may have been about forty guns, and the sportsmen were posted in the glades of the forest, where twenty-three years before Zouaves and Turkos had had to yield to the terrible impact of the German line. Many of the guests, German officers from the neighboring garrisons, took part in the fight, where now they were only waging war upon roebucks and hares and pheasants. Other guests were Alsatian noblemen from Strassburg and the neighborhood. Even after nearly a quarter of a century, Alsatians will not usually mix with German officers and officials in ordinary social intercourse. Curiously enough, however, an exception is made for hunting parties; and here upon the battlefield of Wörth, were the two races nearly equally divided, having formed an alliance defensive and offensive against the poor game.

If my readers will excuse a very short digression, it may interest them to know that the drawing-room to which we retired after the hunt banquet is furnished with chairs and sofas in gold and very faded brocade which have a remarkable history. The sofa

upon which General von Blume and I were sitting was one which was habitually used by Napoleon and Josephine; for it and the rest of the suite were the furniture of the drawing-room at Malmaison, and they were bequeathed to my late friend, Count Ferdinand, by the Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden, the niece of Josephine and adopted daughter of Napoleon. On the companion sofa, there is the mark of a tear in the old brocade. The tear was made by the spur of Marshal MacMahon, who passed the greater part of the night preceding the fateful 6th August, 1870, upon that sofa. Since then those sofas and chairs have been used by the old Emperor William and his son, the late Emperor Frederick III., when they rode over to breakfast with Count Ferdinand in 1878. But to leave furniture: Count Albert and a brother now dead served their year in the German army at Karlsruhe, and the former is now an officer in the Prussian Guard. At his table I met an old baron, the head of one of the largest engineering establishments in Alsace. Alsatian by birth, he has always been a true Frenchman, though the irony of fate had made him the husband of the sister of one of the most distinguished invading German generals. On the 6th August, 1870, MacMahon, swept away in the rout, indited in his hall the telegram that informed his master of the great disaster, and the next morning the conquering German general went to visit his sister, my friend's wife, in the very same house.

Here it may be remarked that, however loyal to France the great leaders of industry in Alsace may remain, the protective system which obtains on the Continent has compelled them to lay out millions of francs in establishing *succursales* in France since 1870. If it were possible to imagine that Alsace could again become French territory this expenditure would be absolutely thrown away. They have thus given very material and substantial hostages to the German government.

With regard to the peasantry I re-

member, during the war of 1870, speaking to a young Alsatian peasant, and asking him how he felt with regard to a possible annexation to Germany. "To us peasants it matters nothing whether we are French or Germans; in either case the powers that be will take care that we pay taxes enough." Universal military service has become obligatory since 1870, and the peasant naturally associates it with the German *régime*, but he forgets that were he again French it would in some respects be even more onerous.

Then it is only human nature to ascribe the depression of trade common to the whole world, and from which Alsace has not escaped, to the German government. As a matter of fact, thanks to the protective system, the wine-growers of Alsace have been greatly benefited by the annexation. Formerly they had to compete upon equal terms with the superior growths of France, while Germany was closed to them by a high tariff. Now they go duty free all over the Zollverein. On the other hand, the cotton-spinners of Mülhausen cannot send their yarns to their old market in France without paying duty, and in Germany they have to compete with the spindles of Saxony and elsewhere.

Speaking generally, the peasant is not dissatisfied. He would like to pay fewer taxes and to escape military service. He would, perhaps, prefer the French military service, where the discipline is less severe, and, in time past at least, the drill-sergeant's hand was not so brutally heavy. On the other hand, he recognizes that the present *régime*, if not gracious, is just and conscientious to a degree. It is also an administration by men of his own race and speech, and there is nothing very attractive in the prospect of being relegated to officials alien to him in race, who do not understand a word of his language, and who have always despised him for not understanding theirs. He sees that his material interests are being well looked after, and that, in spite of bad times and heavy military taxes, he is saving



money and adding at once to his possessions and comforts. All he desires is to be severely let alone, and the one thing he dreads is a war that would practically put an end to his well-being, for which it would be no sort of compensation or consolation to find at its close that he had become, as his fathers were, a citizen of the French nation.

In the great towns the feeling is somewhat different. In Strassburg, for instance, there is the *Ligue Patriotique*, which may number some hundreds of members in the city. The *raison d'être* of this secret society is to restore Alsace to France, and it is animated by an uncompromising hatred to the German rule. Nothing gave such vitality to this society as the repressive measures, and notably the law of passports, which Germany unhappily adopted some years ago. These unwise measures undoubtedly threw back for years the Germanization of Alsace, and if persisted in might have been disastrous. Happily they have been absolutely discarded and forever, and the *Ligue Patriotique* now exists, I believe, more as a pious opinion and a sentiment than as an active propaganda. If you enter a shop in Strassburg, especially if the shopkeeper be middle-aged, it is probable that he will address you in French. This is partly because he thinks it is more distinguished. It also partly arises from the fact that most likely he only speaks Alsatian, and not German, and he is a little ashamed to air his patois before a stranger. I have spoken to many of them, and their testimony is practically the same. "I was born a Frenchman; I have served in the French army; I should like to live and die a Frenchman. Apart from that, I cannot say I have much to complain of. The law is just, and the administration of it is fair and equal, so we do not pretend to be martyrs." This is a not uncommon type of middle-aged Alsatians, and especially of Strasbourgeois. On the other hand, there is another class, becoming more and more numerous, especially among the younger men,

who say, "It is true I was born under the French government, but I am not a Frenchman now. I was always German by descent, and race, and language, and now I feel myself to be a German, not only politically, but also in feeling and sentiment."

An Alsatian gentleman, having a small estate on a lovely slope in one of the most interesting recesses of the Vosges, met me in Strassburg and invited me to visit him at his country-house. It had been built up upon the vestiges of a convent suppressed at the time of the French Revolution. This gentleman's history is interesting, and typical of that of many of the gentry and nobility of Alsace. Alluding to the good citizen of Strassburg who had said, "I am not a martyr," he said, "But I feel that I am a martyr. I was a schoolboy at Metz when the war broke out. At its close my parents and I, like all the rest of the world, regarded the new order of things as quite temporary. So I went to France, served in the French army, and then was fortunate enough to obtain the position of secretary to the French Senate, which I held for many years. My father died, and in order to inherit and look after this estate I became a German subject, and here I am; but I feel that my career is broken." "But," said I, "would it not be well to accept the inevitable? Should you not strive to serve your real Fatherland of Alsace? Why not become a member of the *Landes Ausschuss*, and there, if such seem to be your duty, oppose the German government in a constitutional manner?" His reply was, "I have lived in Paris twenty years; by temperament and habit of thought I am a Frenchman; I do not like the Germans or their ways; and, worst of all, I have tried hard, but I cannot master their language."

This is curious, for his actual mother-tongue is the Alsatian patois, and while in deference to his wish our conversation was wholly in French, all his intercourse with his domestic and farm servants was in Alsatian. In spite of the difficulty with the language I am

not without hopes that he will even yet throw himself into public life to his own great advantage and that of his country. Having mentioned the *Landes Ausschuss*, I may perhaps be allowed to devote a few words to it. It is the means by which Alsace and Lorraine exercise a modified home rule. Previous to the German annexation nothing of the kind existed. The two provinces were represented in the Chamber at Paris to the same extent as the other parts of France. They are now represented in the German Reichstag, but the *Landes Ausschuss* is analogous to, though not exactly the same as, the parliaments of the individual States. According to the constitution of the Reichsland of July 4, 1879, the emperor appoints the Statthalter, who exercises power as representative of the imperial government. A ministry composed of three departments, with a responsible secretary of state at its head, acts under the Statthalter, who also is assisted by a Council of State, comprising the Statthalter as president, the secretary of state as the head of the ministry, the chief provincial officials, and from eight to twelve other members appointed by the emperor, of whom three are presented by the *Landes Ausschuss*, which consists of fifty-eight members, and attends to local legislation. Its seat is Strassburg, but Strassburg is quite other than what it was before the war. The new *enceinte* contains more than double the space occupied by the ancient city, and there magnificent squares and public buildings have arisen worthy of any city in the old or new world. So great is the change that a French lady, a visitor to the Statthalter, who saw Strassburg lately for the first time since 1870, cried out in bitterness of soul: "Je ne reconnais plus mon pauvre Strasbourg." Not very far from the *demi-lune*, the taking of which, in September, 1870, made the fall of Strassburg certain, upon ground then occupied by outer ramparts, there now stands a stately square—the Kaiser Platz—one side of which is formed by the emperor's palace, for it was felt

that the emperor must not come on a visit, but must have a home among his new subjects. Facing the imperial residence on the opposite side of the square are two stately palaces, the one the new library, the other the place of meeting of the *Landes Ausschuss*. Instinctively the architects felt that anything they could create in the style of Gothic art would be dwarfed and rendered insignificant by that miracle of beauty in which the Middle Ages recorded their devotion—the minster, the joy and pride of Strassburg; and so they have wisely adopted a noble form of classic or Renaissance architecture for all these buildings, as well as for that of the university. Probably no representative body in the world is better housed than is this small and very young parliament. The *foyer*, or lobby, if not as gorgeous as that of the Grand Opéra at Paris, is much more snug and comfortable. Its luxurious sofas invite the stranger to pleasing repose while he awaits his "member." The hall of meeting itself is one of the most beautiful quadrangles I have ever seen. Its arrangements are those of the Reichstag at Berlin. The government face the assembly in a row of fauteuils on a dais on either side of the president. Each member has a comfortable seat of his own, with a desk, and his position is decided, not by any supposed party bias, but by the topographical situation of his constituency. The tribunes for visitors are the best I have seen anywhere, those in the Chamber of Deputies at Paris approaching them most nearly in convenience. The tribune for the Statthalter, Prince Hohenlohe, as the representative of the emperor, is most magnificent. Immediately facing it is the gallery for the press. There is one large gallery for the public, free to all comers, and two others to which members can introduce their friends. It is needless to say that all these galleries are open to ladies. The absurdity of fencing off women by themselves, as though we were Mohammedans or Jews, only survives in conservative England. The Chamber is very taste-

fully and brilliantly illuminated by electricity.

I attended an important sitting at the opening of the session in January, 1894. The members were present almost without exception; the galleries were well filled. A nominative list of the members is before me as I write, and of the fifty-seven names only six are French, mostly from Lorraine. There are only three among the elected members who are "old Germans," that is, not natives of the Reichsland, but immigrants from Germany since 1870. One of these three is the universally respected and beloved burgomaster of Strassburg, Herr Back. He says he has become an Alsatian, for he has lived here for twenty-three years, and all his children have been born here. The remaining forty-eight are German, and include almost all the old historical Alsatian families.

The financial statement was not altogether unsatisfactory, though there would have been a deficit in place of a surplus but for a fortunate windfall. During the financial year one of the great manufacturers, who now for centuries have been a feature in the industrial life of Alsace, died, and the death duties on his estate brought nearly three millions of marks into the exchequer.

The official statement was followed by a speech from Herr Spiess, the representative of Schlettstadt. He said that history proved that an agricultural people was only moved to insurrection by three things: (1) Suppression of its religion; (2) excessive taxation; (3) famine. Therefore, in heaven's name, no increase of taxation. He then dwelt upon the great hardship of Alsatian young men not being allowed to return to visit their parents, and concluded a long and powerful speech, addressing himself to the government: "We ask to be treated as other German lands are treated, and not as step-brothers. The affection of a people cannot be had to order; it can only be won by righteous and benevolent government." The secretary of state replied, and then a remarkable man stepped into the

debate. Dr. Petri is an Alsatian, the head of the most important banking institution in the Reichsland, and for many years he represented Strassburg in the Reichstag in Berlin. There he was a true friend of the German government, for he helped to constitute his Imperial Majesty's opposition, and, in season and out of season, he pointed out the injustice and the folly of the system of passports, now happily a thing of the past, which, while it lasted, caused Alsace to be avoided by strangers, as if plague-stricken. In a speech full of force and fire he called upon the government to put an end to exceptional measures for Alsace-Lorraine, for which he claimed the same autonomy and political rights as are now enjoyed by other German States, as Prussia or Würtemberg. Like Herr Spiess, he raised the watchword Alsace-Lorraine for the Alsace-Lorrainers, alluding to the horde of officials that have swarmed into the Reichsland from all parts of Germany. His short peroration, *Nous maintiendrons*, was received with applause from all parts of the House.

I will now ask my readers to leave Alsace and spend a few minutes in Lorraine. What has been stated about the peasantry in Alsace applies also in equal measure to the peasantry in Lorraine. They are gradually being Germanized. This does not apply to the nobility, gentry, and well-to-do classes in and around Metz. Metz, in spite of its German origin, had become, in the course of centuries, an essentially French city. When, in 1871, my colleagues and I of the War Victims Fund had our headquarters there, the gentry of the city, who assisted us in the distribution of the fund, invited us to return in seven years, when we should witness another siege of Metz, but it would be by French armies. More than three times seven years have passed; no such siege has taken place, but the greater number of those who predicted it have crossed the frontier. They loved France more than even their beautiful home on the banks of the Moselle. They are gone, and Ger-

man immigrants have taken their place. Those who remain are almost to a man French in sentiment. This applies to the nobility and gentry, but it does not apply to the working classes; and this brings me to the question of language. In 1870, in Metz and the immediate neighborhood, no one spoke one word of German. During my recent visit I was out on my tricycle every morning at 6 A.M., when I met the workmen coming to their work, and must have conversed more or less with hundreds of them. They all—that is, all under thirty—spoke German perfectly—not a patois, as in Alsace or Suabia, but as pure a German as can be met with anywhere. The old men and old women still only speak French, but they constantly assured me with pride, “I have a son at home who speaks German well.” I expressed my amazement at the linguistic change to a sacristan coming out of a Catholic church of a village close to Metz. He replied in perfectly pure German, “Yes, at the time of the war I was twenty years old, and did not know one word of German.” One evening I asked my way in Metz of a young priest, and, always regarding Metz as essentially French, I asked him in French. He replied very courteously, and then said, “Why do you not speak German?” Surprised at the purity of his German, I said, “You are a German, then; what part of the Fatherland do you come from?” He replied, “Of course I am a German. We are all Germans now; but I am a ‘Lothringer,’ and was born a French subject.” The habitual use of pure German is causing the Germanization of Lorraine to proceed more rapidly than that of Alsace. In Alsace French was always a foreign and a difficult tongue. The only language of the common people was Alsatian; now good German is taught in the schools, but the influence of the patois in the homes is too great, and a consciousness that their German is very indifferent leads them, if they can, to try to speak French. It is, too, rather the distinguished and correct thing to do. Be-

fore leaving Metz I must mention the Abbé Auguste Jacot, curé of Fève, who of late has become the best abused if not the most famous man in German Lorraine. Although he knows no language but French, he has for years past vigorously with tongue and pen espoused the German cause. He sees no prosperity or happiness for Lorraine except in loyally accepting the new order of things. His book, “Vingt Ans Après,” was first shown to me by the Grand Duke of Baden, who was naturally much impressed with it. Like all converts, he is full of zeal, and is more intensely German than any Prussian could be. I was much amused with a venerable colleague of his, the curé of a village close to the frontier, the scene of one of the great battles. This worthy parish priest has occupied the cure since before the war and well remembers what the War Victims Fund did for him and his people. “M. Jacot,” he said, “is a friend of mine, and what he has written is true, but his parishioners and people are not at all pleased with him for writing it. The German authorities are, of course, much pleased with what he has written, but if they had been in his place they would not have said it.”

When the Statthalter recently visited Fèvre, the Abbé Jacot assembled his parishioners in the porch of the church, where they sang a sort of psalm or chant in honor of their governor. It was in French with the German word “Statthalter” brought in, and was as near as possible an equivalent of the famous psalm with which a country vicar in England astonished his diocesan:—

Ye little hills, why do you leap?  
Ye mountains, why do ye hop?  
Is it because you are glad to see  
His Grace the Lord Bishop?

It now only remains to say a few words about Mülhausen, the great manufacturing centre of upper Alsace. Mülhausen may be said to consist of two classes—millionaire manufacturers and lawyers, doctors and professors, managers and clerks, together with a

fair proportion of well-to-do shopkeepers and other tradesmen, who are mostly Protestants; and a vast body of operatives who were almost exclusively Catholic, but many of whom have now given up religion and have become Social Democrats. The latter class are altogether French in sentiment, because they are Red Republicans, and their sympathies go entirely with the Paris Commune. The well-to-do class have almost all German names, but they entertain a passionate loyalty towards France. A Swiss gentleman, who has resided here for thirty years and is a member of one of the great Mulhouse houses—to use the French name—kindly extended hospitality to me. He was delayed by business and sent his son, a boy of eleven, to meet me at the station. The little fellow received me most courteously, but spoke nothing but French; and upon my remarking this, said emphatically, “I am not a German, I am a Frenchman.” At the entrance of the station his father met us, and also spoke to me in French. “*Je me trouve en pleine France*,” said I. When I reached the beautifully situated country-house my friend has built for himself in the old Alsatian style, my host said to me, “If you make such remarks as that you are altogether in France, you will be a marked man by the police.” Nothing but French was spoken in the family, although German—that is, Alsatian—was the mother-tongue. My hostess informed me that she belonged to an old Alsatian family, and I said, “*Madame, bon gré mal gré, vous êtes allemande*.” The prompt reply was, “*Mais, monsieur, c’est une injure*;” yet the next day we all went to the Protestant Temple, where the father of my hostess preached to two thousand worshippers in pure German. Later in the day I passed some hours in the company and at the house of the venerable pastor, and found that he by no means agreed with his daughter, but that upon the contrary he cordially accepts the new order of things. Nevertheless, the hostile feeling between German officers and officials and the

native Alsatians is stronger in Mühlhausen than anywhere else in the Reichsland. They cannot be said to mix at all in social intercourse. My friend, who is a Swiss, would have no objection to social intercourse with the German officers; but “if I did,” he says, “I should simply lose all my old friends, and I prefer old friends to new.”

So strong is this feeling that Alsatian young men serving their year in the German army, if in uniform, are not recognized by their friends. Some time since a fire broke out in a manufactory in Mühlhausen; the officers of a regiment quartered in the city brought their men to the rescue, and by dint of determined efforts the fire was got under, and the proprietor saved a heavy loss. He was full of gratitude and invited the officers to a banquet; but a few days afterwards he met these same officers in the street and was afraid to recognize them. Had he done so, he would have been cut by his friends. On the other hand, I have been furnished with the following particulars of the membership of a Masonic Lodge at Mühlhausen. The Lodge has been in existence fifteen years, and in 1889-90 it numbered twenty-nine members living in Mühlhausen, of whom eighteen were immigrants from Germany, ten were Alsatians, and one was an immigrant from France. Among the Germans were several officers; among the Alsatians were three great cotton-spinners, one banker, and a number of merchants. Since then the number of members has doubled. Half the members are German immigrants, the other half Alsatians. Among the Germans are four officers on active service.

This would seem to indicate that the feeling between “new” Germans and “old” is growing less bitter. It is curious also, and consistent with the contrariety of human affairs, that if a man of position in Alsace is specially hostile to the Germans his daughter is sure to marry a German officer. Several instances are personally known to me. One tiny corner of Alsace was saved to France by the almost super-



human efforts of M. Thiers — this was Belfort. Here resides a colony of at least ten thousand emigrants from German Alsace, and here the whole atmosphere, surroundings, and language are French; and I am sorry to say everything seems to breathe war. In the early spring of 1871 I witnessed the march out of the heroic French garrison of Belfort, with all the honors of war, after a siege and bombardment of months. It was only surrendered because Prince Bismarck refused to treat with the French Republic unless it was temporarily put in German hands. It was strong then, but it is infinitely stronger now. All the mountain-tops around are converted into fortresses, and the whole place runs over with soldiers and seems to breathe the spirit of the colossal "Lion of Belfort." This wonderful monument is partly cut out of the living rock at the foot of the castle, and seems always to gaze fiercely forth upon Alsace and upon Germany. A slight index of the tension of feeling that exists on the frontier is, that no sooner was I well out of Belfort than the French police came to my hotel to arrest me as a German spy! It is easy for patriotic Frenchmen living at Belfort to believe that Belfort is impregnable and France invincible; and as a true friend of France I am very sorry to see that the new generation, who know nothing of war, is being fed upon the same sort of lies which proved so disastrous in 1870.

A French general a few weeks back told the young people he was addressing, that France was beaten in 1870 by reason of "unheard-of treachery, and of a combination of circumstances that could not possibly occur again."

A friend of mine, a French pastor, who for some years had a church in Strassburg, and has within the last few months won a great reputation by a singularly successful ecclesiastical biography, was speaking, as I thought, somewhat lightly of a war between France and Germany, when I ventured to say, "You will at least concede that in the event of war it is *possible* that France will not be victorious?"

"No," he replied, "*that I will not concede.*"

His sister-in-law, a Strassburg lady, who has never been inside the new university buildings or the emperor's palace, and hardly ever goes to the theatre — though devoted to music — because they are German institutions, told me gaily the last time I met her, that she had just been seeing some more gentlemen who held the same opinion as her brother-in-law.

A German, who seriously expressed the opinion that in the event of war it was *impossible* for Germany to be beaten, would be regarded by his countrymen as not sane.

In the neighborhood of Belfort I was hospitably entertained by a great manufacturer, who, after thirty years in France, continues to be a Swiss citizen. He said, "I can say to you what I cannot say to my neighbors: I believe there is a great deal of humbug and unreality about much of the feeling professed by the Alsatians. They visit their friends in Paris and pull a very long face as they speak of their severance from France, but in their heart of hearts they are not altogether sorry to be under a strong and stable government like Germany. On the other hand, there is much unreality and humbug in the much-paraded sympathy of the French people for the Alsatian exiles; under the surface there is great jealousy felt because of their successful competition for all sorts of official and other berths that the French would like to keep for themselves."

My task is very nearly at an end. I might multiply detail, but perhaps what has been given will sufficiently illustrate the views I have formed. The strong sentiment obtaining at this moment in Alsace Lorraine in favor of France seems to me closely analogous to the Jacobite sentiment which lingered in Scotland until the beginning of this century. It was powerful as a sentiment long after it had ceased to be a motor of practical politics. There is also, doubtless, in Alsace the feeling of patriotism among those who still regard themselves as French. They will

speak either French or the Alsatian patois, but German they will not speak. The president of the Evangelical Synod at Metz, who has been there now for twenty-three years, came originally from Mühlhausen. At Metz he preaches in German, and has now little occasion to use the French language. When, however, he visits his friends at Mühlhausen they will not suffer him to speak German. He may please himself whether he will speak French or the Alsatian patois. To speak German would be to show that he had become a "Prussian." On the other hand, the burgomaster of Strassburg, who is at the Town Hall all day and every day, where he receives all sorts and conditions of men and women, told me his French was growing quite rusty, because he hardly ever had occasion to use it.

One word in conclusion. Alsace has never been other than German. For the first hundred years after the French annexation it was German to the heart's core, and only submitted to the French protectorate because of *force majeure*. The great principles of 1789 awoke a strong French patriotism in all that was noblest in Alsatian society, and that patriotism was cemented upon a hundred battlefields during the Consulate and Empire. In 1870 all Germany was wild with excitement and enthusiasm at the thought of taking back to her arms the daughter that for two centuries had been under foreign domination. The daughter, however, pouted and resisted, and said she was enamoured of *Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité*. To drop metaphor, Germany did herself harm by losing her temper and adopting severe, harsh, and repressive measures. Germany has found out her mistake, and every day brings us nearer the time when all exceptional laws in the Reichsland will be done away with. It was a wise inspiration of the Emperor William to purchase an estate at Urville, near to Metz, and establish a home for himself there in the very heart of Lorraine. The mild and benevolent rule of the Statthalter, Prince Hohenlohe Schil-

lingfürst, is winning many hearts. As he said to me, "You will at least have discovered that I am not a Duke of Alva, as the French newspapers have sometimes been good enough to call me."

I think we hardly realize the extent of the patriotism which led the German princes to proclaim the Empire in 1871. Up to that time each was an independent and sovereign ruler. This proud position they voluntarily renounced in choosing an emperor or supreme head. It was a noble act of abnegation, for it was done in order that Germany might be one and united and fulfil her great mission in the world. It would have been well for the Reichsland if the patriotism of the smaller German States had gone a little further. What is a "Reichsland"? A land attached by military power to the Empire, but otherwise unattached. The very name proclaims it to be a conquered country. This is just what should be forgotten as soon as possible. By geographical position, by language — the same Suabian dialect — and largely also by race, Alsace would seem most suitably incorporated with the Grand Duchy of Baden. Alsace would there find a real autonomy, and in the benevolent and beneficent royal pair, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, the people of Alsace would find an incarnation of the *res publica* which for most of us is a great help to patriotism. Lorraine would naturally fall to Prussia. The two provinces would no longer feel themselves to be step-children of the German Empire, but bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of particular German States, to which many natural ties bind them severally, and in union with which they could work out their autonomy and their destiny.

From what I heard from inhabitants of all parts of Alsace and Lorraine, this is the solution most likely to promote the entire Germanization as well as the well-being, contentment, and happiness of the two provinces. Will the other States of Germany be sufficiently patriotic and magnanimous to

assent to such an arrangement? It may be that it is now too late, though I do not think so.

In default of this settlement all exceptional and repressive legislation must be done away with, the autonomy of the Reichsland must be made real, and the *Landes Ausschuss* must become a *Landtag* like that of Prussia, Bavaria, or Saxony. It is in this direction that things are moving, and the representative of this policy is the wise and experienced Statthalter.

SAMUEL JAMES CAPPER.

From The Argosy.

IF.

BY HELEN PROTHERO LEWIS,  
AUTHOR OF "HOOKS OF STEEL," ETC., ETC.

"Much virtue in *if*."

*As You Like It*, Act v. sc. iv.

"THEODORE, you must marry. I cannot allow you to moon about in this unsatisfactory way any longer. You have reached the age of thirty-five, yet here you are with no ties, no duties, no interests—no one to think of or spend your money upon save yourself. As a natural consequence you are miserable. You must take a wife."

"A wife might worry me."

"Then let her worry you. Surely anything is better than dull drifting."

"It is all very fine for you to talk, Pindar," said Theodore, in a slightly nettled tone, "but you've taken good care to steer clear of wives yourself. A bachelor of fifty hasn't much right to preach matrimony to men younger than himself—but that's the way with you parsons." Here the speaker broke off, the languor induced by an afternoon pipe triumphing over indignation. He stretched his legs a little further out, nestled his head a little deeper amidst the soft cushions of his arm-chair, and with an air of mild melancholy awaited the next utterance of his friend.

Mr. Theodore Vane was in one respect a much-to-be-envied person. At the age of twenty-four he had unex-

pectedly succeeded to an estate bringing in a clear seven thousand a year. No drawbacks accruing therefrom, not even a poor relation who could beseech a pension. An utter absence of relatives was perhaps the sole disadvantage under which his manhood suffered; there were none to control, none to direct, none even to advise with authority. So this favorite of fortune, young, rich, healthy, handsome, drifted to and fro like a spar on the sea, and none could tell what would be the end of him. A strange inability to keep long to any course was his. Everything had been tried—save matrimony—and everything had been cast aside as not worth pursuing. His last experiment had been foreign travel, and in Switzerland he had come across the Rev. Paul Pindar, rector of St. Gabriel's, Stainbourne, Hants, a man who had visited at his father's vicarage in the old days. Mr. Pindar was of a very different type from the motiveless Theodore; nevertheless, the two became friends. The memory of the old days was a bond between; the clergyman felt that this drifting spar should be brought into harbor if possible, and that it was only right the hand of an old friend should point the way.

Theodore was now visiting his new-found friend for the first time. Host and guest formed a contrast as they sat facing each other in the bay-window of the rectory dining-room. The clergyman was broad and athletic in figure, had strong, well-cut features, a clean-shaven face, and a marked air of distinction. At the first glance it was perceivable he was a gentleman, and when he spoke, his extremely refined utterance strengthened the conviction. Theodore was indisputably handsome; embodied in marble his profile would have been perfect, but despite blue eyes and a fine head of curling chestnut hair, a weak and somewhat peevish expression marred him as a living being. His figure, too, spoke of weakness; he stooped, and his general air lacked the distinction so observable in his friend.

The two had but lately returned from

lunching at a house in the neighborhood, the Grove, occupied by Mrs. Hooker, a widow with four daughters. The four Miss Hookers were all pretty, all unmarried, and all at home. The sight of so much unwedded charm had no doubt prompted Mr. Pindar to make the foregoing remarks to his eligible friend. A short silence now fell between the pair. Theodore's last observations had touched some long silent chord in the elderly clergyman's heart; he flushed, and seemed to find it difficult to frame his reply.

"At fifty a man's life lies behind him, Theodore," he observed at length, "and I own that mine has been full of grievous mistakes. You at thirty-five can still be said to have your life before you, and I should be sorry to think that the day could ever come when you would feel as I often feel now, that the hearth is very desolate, and the heart very empty."

"Well, if it comes to that, a man can marry even at fifty. Some one the same age, you see, or possibly younger. There are always women thankful to marry anybody — at least — I don't mean that you're anybody of course —"

"I am quite aware of that, my boy," interrupted Mr. Pindar, with a good-humored smile, "I know I'm nobody. Unfortunately a nobody of fifty who does not rejoice in a big income has not much pick and choice, and I fear I am a little fastidious where women are concerned. I cannot reasonably expect any young and charming woman to marry me; and" — here he gave a little laugh — "I don't think I could bring myself to marry an old and unattractive one."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Theodore, roused into actual amusement. "Imagine it! Cat on the hearth, spectacles, knitting, squeaks of pain from rheumatism — not quite up to that yet, eh, Mr. Paul Pindar? Well, I suppose I am still entitled to choose from the young, but I'm so awfully afraid of choosing the wrong woman. If I could only be sure of marrying the right one, I'd marry to-morrow."

"Now attend to me, Theodore. Seriously speaking, I have shown you this afternoon as pretty, nice, well brought-up girls as can be found in any English county. All different styles, and each in her own style admirable. Now there's Mary, the second girl, only twenty-six, a thoroughly kind-hearted, good-natured creature, full of energy and spirits, brimming over with health, and such lovely hair and complexion."

"Ah! but she's too fat. And almost too rosy. If she were thinner now, and a trifle less highly colored."

"Then, what do you say to Lizzie, the third one? A really clever girl, and most accomplished. And such vivacity. You could never feel dull with so lively a creature in the house. She has her fair share of good looks, too; no man need feel ashamed of seeing her at the head of his table."

"Yes, but she's very thin, and she talks in almost too sharp a way. If she were a trifle fatter, now, and —"

"Ah, well! there's still Daisy. She is a beauty. No man with eyes in his head can deny that. In a year or two she will be superb. But she's rather young, perhaps, only eighteen, a great gap between her and Lizzie."

"Oh, yes, she's too young. Besides, she might be rude. I saw her very rude to Lizzie once this afternoon."

"Lizzie tries her a little hardly sometimes. I have personally a strong penchant for Daisy. There is a great deal of good material in the little girl. It is a little trying to her no doubt to have so many elder sisters."

"Yes," laughed Theodore, "all bent on keeping the beauty in the background until they've disposed of their own charms. I wonder that eldest one, Veronica, has never married. To my mind she is the most attractive-looking one of the lot."

"Oh, incomparably!" exclaimed Mr. Pindar, with so much energy that Theodore looked quite impressed.

"Oh, you think so too, do you?" he said, then gave himself up to silent reflection for a moment or two. "Yes," he presently went on, "a very attractive woman. A pretty name;

Veronica ! Veronica ! sounds like Desdemona, somehow. She's a good figure — very good taste in dress I should say — and charming manner, certainly charming manner — sweet sort of face too. If only she were a bit younger now."

"Oh, she's decidedly too old for you ; most unsuitable," said Mr. Pindar, getting up, and knocking the ashes rather violently out of his pipe. "She is Mrs. Hooker's step-daughter, belongs to a first family, must be quite your own age. The younger ones would suit you better than Veronica."

"I don't know that they would," said Theodore perversely. "Why shouldn't a man marry a woman his own age ? You're very likely to have the same tastes, like the same things, if you're the same age. Now, when a man of thirty-five marries quite a young girl he's seen everything and done everything, and she wants to see everything and do everything ; then rows begin about seeing and doing everything, and it all ends badly. Newspapers full of that sort of thing ; read a case of that kind only the other day. I liked that girl Veronica. She looks nice on a lawn, and there is a good deal of lawn down at my place."

Mr. Pindar looked annoyed. "I am of Shakespeare's opinion," he said : —

"Let still the woman take  
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart."

"I can't think why she has never married," went on Theodore, with unaffected indifference to Shakespeare ; "do you happen to know ?"

"I have never sought to find out Miss Hooker's private affairs," replied Mr. Pindar, rising and speaking very stiffly, "and even if I had been confided in I should not dream of making them the subject of idle discussion."

It would have been evident to most people that he was getting irritated, but Theodore was a little obtuse of perception. "One thing I noticed," he went on calmly, "she has uncommonly pretty feet. Did you ever notice her feet, Pindar ?"

"I am not in the habit of noticing ladies' feet," replied Mr. Pindar, a little sharply.

"Oh, you parsons !" exclaimed Theodore, with an incredulous chuckle.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Pindar, with an impatient movement, "but I have an hour's work I must do before dinner. Perhaps you'll take a stroll, meanwhile."

"Oh, I'm all right, don't distress yourself about me. I'll have another smoke. So nice in this armchair with sun streaming in and bees humming outside. I'll just imagine I'm at home, with Veronica as my wife ; and if it seems pleasant — Good heavens ! what a bang ! Can't the man shut a door quietly after him ?"

Ten days later, Mrs. Hooker gave a garden-party to which she invited all the chief families in the neighborhood, the rector and his friend being naturally included. There was great excitement at the Grove on the day of the event. No pains were spared to make the house and grounds look their very best, and when the girls came down ready dressed at four o'clock it was evident they had spared no pains on themselves. Mrs. Hooker looked at them with pardonable pride when she joined them on the lawn.

"You all look very nice," she said approvingly. "I don't know when you have looked so well, Mary ; that new dress is most becoming. I am glad you are wearing white, Lizzie and Daisy ; I do like young people in white. I'm very fond of that soft mauve dress of yours, Veronica, though it's not new. It makes you look younger than anything else you wear."

The younger girls beamed, but Veronica winced as though there were some hidden sting in her step-mother's words.

"I wonder whether Mr. Pindar and his friend will come late or early," went on Mrs. Hooker, settling her matronly form in a large garden-chair.

The girls looked embarrassed for a moment. Not one of them would have confessed it, but all had a guilty consciousness the garden-party had been



given by their mother solely for the sake of Mr. Pindar's eligible friend. Mary spoke first.

"Oh, they'll come some time," she remarked, with a great assumption of carelessness.

"Really, Mary, how clever of you to know that!" exclaimed Lizzie pertly. "Was it natural intuition which led you to the knowledge or intense study of the probabilities?"

"You're both equally anxious on the subject, anyway," remarked Daisy.

"Little girls should be seen and not heard," rejoined Lizzie sharply. Daisy was ready with an equally sharp retort, but Mrs. Hooker interfered.

"Now, girls, no squabbling!" she said authoritatively. "Mary, remember Mr. Vane plays tennis with you against Mr. Paget and Lizzie on the best court. You two had better go and see if the net is all right."

"I don't see why I should be marked off beforehand for Mr. Paget," said Lizzie discontentedly to her sister, as they walked off to the tennis court. "Mr. Vane might be allowed to choose his own partner."

"Never mind, we shall be all playing together," remarked the good-natured Mary; "and really it is just as well to arrange everything for Mr. Vane, for he never seems able to decide anything for himself."

Mrs. Hooker next sent Daisy to rearrange the position of some chairs and rugs, and then she turned to Veronica and said:—

"Don't you think Mary looks remarkably well this afternoon?"

"Yes, I do," replied Veronica pleasantly; "blue suits her complexion so admirably. But I always admire Mary, she is so bonnie-looking."

"I think Mr. Vane decidedly admires her," went on the complacent mother; "has it struck you so? He has been here so much this last week, scarcely an afternoon that he has not strolled up."

"Yes, he has been here a good deal," said Veronica; "but so far his attentions seem to me to have been equally divided."

"I don't agree with you. The day before yesterday he showed most attention to Mary."

"And the time before that to Lizzie," remarked Veronica quietly.

"And yesterday to you, Veronica," put in Daisy, who had returned.

"Ah, that reminds me. I want to give you a little hint, Veronica," went on Mrs. Hooker, "and you are such a sensible woman, I am sure you will take it in good part. You may not choose to allow it, but I do think Mr. Vane particularly admires Mary. And yesterday I noticed once or twice that you detained him talking when I felt sure he would have been glad of an excuse to join Mary. With your tact you could so easily have given him the chance."

"You are mistaken, mother," answered Veronica. "I am incapable of detaining a man by my side against his will. Whatever conversation Mr. Vane has had with me has been of his own seeking; and if he has at any time stayed long talking to me he has done so not from necessity, but from inclination."

There was a deep flush on Veronica's face as she spoke, but her manner was full of dignity. Mrs. Hooker looked up at the tall, graceful figure standing so erect by her side, and felt a little small. Veronica was only a penniless step-daughter, often felt to be *de trop* in the house; nevertheless she compelled from the family much unwilling admiration and respect.

"Oh, my dear, I was not blaming you, or insinuating anything, of course," exclaimed Mrs. Hooker half apologetically, "only you know, you being the age you are—I mean, Mr. Vane being comparatively a young man—of course, though gentlemen always like talking to you so much—he could not regard you as—as—well, he might possibly think of Mary as a wife, and it would be such a good thing for her, you see."

"I quite see. Pray don't trouble to say more, mother," said Veronica, moving away, now looking very pale.

"I hope no one will talk to me

like that when I am thirty-five!" said Daisy, looking indignantly at her mother.

The remark was unheeded, for at that moment Mr. Pindar and Mr. Vane came suddenly into view. They were crossing the lawn in the direction Veronica had just taken. For a second Veronica half turned aside as though wishful to escape them, but she was given no choice in the matter. Perceiving her near, the gentlemen instantly bore down upon her. A few conventional remarks were exchanged, then the guests moved on to greet Mrs. Hooker.

"Miss Veronica does not look so nice to-day as she did yesterday," observed Theodore to his companion as they moved forward. "She looks old, has a pale, worn sort of appearance, don't you think?" He spoke in quite a disappointed tone.

Mr. Pindar made no reply. He had noticed what the younger man had failed to see: a glitter as of half-suppressed tears in the eyes of the woman who had just greeted him. And the sight had moved him deeply.

It was generally conceded afterwards that Mrs. Hooker's garden-party had been the pleasantest of the season. Mr. Pindar's was the only dissentient voice. He said he had found it spiritless and dull, and he and Theodore had almost a dispute on the point at luncheon the following day.

"I must say I thought it uncommonly well done," said Theodore, "and I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much. Nice band, capital refreshments, and some rattling good sets of tennis. By Jove, that second Hooker girl, Mary, plays well. And didn't she look nice? There were a good many pretty girls there, but not one came up to Mary, yesterday. An uncommonly handsome girl, I call her. I admired Veronica most the other day, but she looked quite faded yesterday; was dull and uninteresting, too, when one talked to her. Oh, she's not in it."

"Miss Hooker was not herself yesterday. She is neither dull nor unin-

teresting," asserted Mr. Pindar, with some warmth.

"No; I think there was something wrong. She was depressed; seemed to avoid us, I fancied. Give me a girl that's always jolly. Now I should say Mary was always jolly. 'Pon my word, I think a fellow might go further and fare worse. You are always advising me to marry, Pindar; say the word now. Shall I make the plunge?"

"With Mary?"

"With Mary."

"My dear boy," exclaimed the rector, jumping up and clapping his friend delightedly on the shoulder, "you couldn't take a step that would please me more. Mary is the very girl for you, and I feel strongly that you would be both a better and a happier man if you were married. Do it by all means. Take my advice, go up to the Grove and propose before another twelve hours is over your head, and my blessing and best wishes go with you." Theodore looked impressed. It was evident the rector was genuinely pleased and absolutely sincere in all he had just said.

"You are a good fellow, Pindar," said he; "I'm glad to have your good wishes. I'll go up there this very afternoon and I'll come back engaged to Mary."

"Mary's consent is evidently a foregone conclusion," remarked Mr. Pindar, with an amused smile.

Theodore laughed, a comfortable laugh, such as only a man with seven thousand a year could give on the eve of a proposal.

"Do you think this coat's good enough to go up in?" he asked, rising and surveying himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece.

"Quite," said the rector, looking with an indulgent expression at the faultlessly cut face of his guest; "I don't think Phillida will flout you. A rosebud in the buttonhole might perhaps lend an air of sentiment—there are several in the garden."

"No, I don't think I'll wear a rosebud. Might like to ask for one up there; something to say, you know, if

there's an awkward pause. I wonder if proposing is awkward? Oh, I say, Pindar, I think I'd better be off or I might change my mind."

Mr. Pindar jumped up, found Theodore's hat, presented him with it, and fairly pushed him out of the house. And so the young man started to propose to Mary.

Very late in the evening he returned. Mr. Pindar came out into the lighted hall to greet him.

"Well," he said, "good news? But I need hardly ask. A rejected man would scarcely have stayed to dinner. By the by, though—did you propose?"

"Oh yes, I proposed."

"Accepted?"

"Yes, accepted," replied Theodore, looking very low.

Strangely enough, Mr. Pindar, usually so observant, did not notice his guest's depressed manner. He was looking very excited himself.

"That's right," he said, taking Theodore's arm and leading him into his study. "I wish you joy, my dear fellow, from the bottom of my heart. But I have no doubt of your happiness. And now let me give you a piece of news about myself; most delightful news; I can scarcely believe in my own good fortune. You know how harassed I have heretofore been as to ways and means, with my tiny income and this poor living. You know also that a distant cousin of mine, Joseph Pindar, died the other day. Well, it seems he had quarrelled with his nearest relative, a ne'er-do-weel nephew, and just before his death he made a will and left his whole fortune to me. Fifteen hundred a year and a coal-mine that will make a rich man of me before long. What do you say to that?"

"Very glad to hear it, I'm sure. Congratulate you heartily."

"Yes, we can congratulate each other now. Quite a red-letter day this. Let me tell you, Vane, that this money means more than mere wealth to me. It opens to me a chance of happiness which I have scarcely dared to dream of before. This desolate hearth of

mine may now—but no, I will not let even my thoughts dwell on it yet. Besides, joy is making me selfish. Tell me, was the fair Mary taken by surprise?"

"It isn't Mary," remarked Theodore, sitting down languidly in an armchair.

"Not Mary! Then in the name of heaven who is it? Not—not—man—speak! Who is it, then?"

"It is Veronica."

With a gasp the rector fell into the armchair facing his guest's. "Tell me, tell me!" he said huskily; "I don't understand, I thought you went up to propose to Mary."

"So I did, but somehow she turned into Veronica."

"Explain, explain; I can't take it in."

Rather ramblingly the young man explained how the change in the young lady had come about. There was an uncomfortable silence when he had finished his narration.

"Well, don't you congratulate me?" said Theodore a little moodily.

Mr. Pindar gave a bitter laugh. "Congratulate you!" he said, "congratulate the man who has put out his hand to gather a peony, then capriciously snaps off an exquisite lily. How about the poor lily? No, I can't congratulate you to-night; I am bewildered, unhinged. This affair of the money has unsettled me—unsettled me."

"What a funny man you are," said Theodore, looking with a puzzled expression at his friend; "you were delighted about the money a moment ago."

"Yes, but I see now it has come a little late."

"You needn't look at it in that light. A man can enjoy life even at fifty. I must say, Pindar, considering how you egged me on to do this thing, you might give me a little more sympathy."

"I never egged you on to do this thing," said Mr. Pindar sharply; "I encouraged you under the impression you meant to marry Mary."

"So I did. The only difference is that I'm going to marry Veronica. Same family, comes to much the same thing, as far as you are concerned. Anyway, it's done now, and I feel quite hurt you should take it in this manner. The whole way home I thought, 'How pleased Pindar will be.' Upon my word, I doubt if I have one sincere friend in the world."

Theodore's last words seemed to touch the rector. With an effort he recovered his outward serenity.

"Don't think that," he said, rising and placing his hand on the younger man's shoulder. "I am, or at least I try to be, a sincere friend. I will congratulate you; I do congratulate you, most heartily. But remember one thing, Vane: you have unexpectedly come into possession of an inestimable treasure. Veronica is—is—an ideal woman."

Theodore looked much impressed, and his opinion of his newly gained lady-love went up like a rocket.

"She is also," pursued the rector, "a tender, delicate creature who feels acutely. If I thought you would play fast and loose with her before marriage, or give her a day's unhappiness afterwards, I would—I would kick you out of my house."

Theodore laughed at the absurd threat.

"You'll never have occasion to do that," he said. "I shall not have much time to play fast and loose, for we are to be married the end of August, only two months hence! And it will be her fault if she is not happy afterwards, for she will have her own way as much as she likes. Woodleigh Manor will have to be done up a bit. Sit down, do, and let's have a talk about it."

Mr. Pindar sat down, trying to look as if he liked it. And here we will leave them, in order to relate how it came to pass that Veronica, not Mary, was chosen to become Mrs. Vane of Woodleigh Manor.

Theodore's arrival that afternoon at the Grove had been utterly unexpected. The drawing-room into which he was

shown was very disordered, and as he entered by one door he could see the tail of a white dress whisking through another, at the further end. The butler announced his name to this tail, and Theodore had time to observe that it was both soiled and crumpled.

"Daisy, I expect," he muttered to himself; "Mary is always spick and span."

He was wrong. It was Mary escaping from visitors. She had not expected any the very day after a garden-party, and on what she considered "safe" afternoons was apt to degenerate into untidiness. To-day she was giving her hair "a rest," which meant that she had not curled her fringe, and had twisted her back hair up loosely anyhow. Also she was giving some old slippers a turn, and a soiled dress one extra wear before it went to the wash-tub. Naturally, therefore, she ran for her life when she heard a visitor coming. The door through which she escaped opened upon some steps which led down into the garden. Across the lawn she flew, and near some laurel bushes she found Veronica gathering flowers for the dinner-table.

"Oh, Veronica, do go in!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Visitors! Had no time to see who! I am too untidy to go and entertain anybody, and mamma and the girls are out. I couldn't get tidy and do my hair under half an hour. Do go in at once. Oh! Oh! How awful! Smithson's bringing them out here to us! What an idiot the man is! Veronica! It's Mr. Vane! I should like the earth to open and swallow me up. What will he think of me? Why, I've no waist-belt? My fingers are inky. Veronica, what shall I do?"

"Never mind," said Veronica kindly, "very likely he will not notice. Men are never quick at taking in details. I will ask him to come round and see the flowers, and then you can escape and change your dress, and join us later."

There was no time for more. Mr. Vane was upon them. He shook

hands with Veronica, glanced at her carelessly, then, as though his attention had been arrested, looked again at her lingeringly and admiringly. Veronica was never untidy. To-day she was wearing a very neat dress of softest grey; on her carefully dressed head was a picturesque garden hat; tucked into the bosom of her dress were some freshly gathered pink and white roses, and in her hands she held a large nosegay of garden flowers. Everything about her was fresh and dainty, and she made a pretty picture as she stood before the visitor, a background of green laurel throwing into strong relief the graceful lines of her figure, and her flowers glowing brightly against the soft grey of her dress. From this pretty picture Theodore rather slowly turned to greet Mary. Alas, poor Mary! She was looking her worst. White is most charming wear for a girl, but there are two things essential to its charm. It must be fresh, and it must be worn by a slight figure. A soiled, crumpled white gown on a stout figure is an eyesore, and so thought Mr. Vane as his eye travelled down Mary's very plump form, and rested upon and recognized the dirty skirt he had seen whisking through the doorway. Men sometimes do notice details, notwithstanding Veronica's kind assertion to the contrary, and before Mary could get away the visitor had taken in every detail, from the uncurled fringe, to the shabby slipper. Mary was conscious of his exhaustive survey, and her cheeks burned painfully. It was unbecoming to her to get flushed. Her complexion, always brilliant, became too roseate at such times. So embarrassed did she grow she could hardly talk; her manner, her very attitude, grew constrained and awkward. It was an intense relief to her when Veronica said pleasantly:

"Mr. Vane, do come and see our conservatory; we are very proud of our flowers. By the by, Mary, do you much mind telling Smithson we'll have tea on the lawn."

Mary ran away with a heart like lead. "Why, oh why didn't I dress for vis-

itors!" she exclaimed in the privacy of her bedroom.

Then she tore off the soiled white dress and flung it on the floor, apostrophizing it as a "hateful thing." Well might she thus apostrophize it, for it had cost her seven thousand a year. Mr. Vane had made up his mind even before the objectionable dress had disappeared from view. "No, thank you," he said to himself, as he strolled by Veronica's side to the conservatory. "A slovenly girl won't suit me. Fancy bringing a man friend unexpectedly into your house, and seeing your wife whisking away through doorways because she has a dirty gown on, and is too untidy to be seen!"

The conservatory proved very interesting. Veronica loved flowers, and never showed to such advantage as when amidst them. As she moved to and fro amongst the plants, daintily touching a blossom here and there, and explaining their respective characteristics and merits, Mr. Vane, who followed her closely, grew quite enamoured, and each moment thought her more and more charming. When at length she proposed a moye, she found him unwilling to depart from the conservatory. Reflecting that Mary might not even yet be quite ready she settled herself for a few moments in a leaning position near the open door, still holding her flowers in her hands. An arching branch of blossoming wisteria hung over her head, her attitude was gracefully careless, and the consciousness that it was her bounden duty to entertain this young man a little longer, gave her manner a frank ease, seldom observable in her when in the presence of her mother and sisters. She talked for a little while as though enjoying herself thoroughly, then said, with almost a girlish laugh:—

"How remiss I am! I have been proudly showing you all our flowers, but have never offered you even a bud."

Theodore felt glad at that moment that he had not accepted the rector's offer of a rosebud. Utterly forgetting Mary's existence, he pressed close up



to Veronica's side, and looking at her very tenderly said: "Give me one of those sweet white roses in the front of your dress."

Rather shyly, for his sudden change of manner had taken her by surprise, she detached a rose and gave it him. He took it, also the hand that offered it, and with a deep blush Veronica looked up at him. Her eyes were pretty and soft, and a blush was very becoming to her somewhat pale face. For the moment she looked a young girl.

Suddenly, before she could realize what was happening, she found herself receiving a proposal. In her confusion and astonishment her first impulse was to refuse it.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed, drawing back tremblingly, "it is impossible. You cannot think of me in that way."

This little demur on her part acted as a fillip to Theodore. His ardor increased on the spot, and so fervent did he become, and so vehemently did he press his cause, Veronica at length could not but believe his happiness hung upon her answer.

"You really love me?" she asked, looking wistfully up at him.

Theodore's answer was absolutely impassioned.

Veronica's eyes wandered out to the lawn. For years she had had an empty feeling in her heart. For years she had longed for that greatest of all good gifts, the true love of a good man. The lover of her youth had died, the lover of her womanhood had so far lived only in her dreams, but never had she pictured him like Mr. Vane. The dream-lover was older, more cultivated, a man of stronger character and finer mould. But he still lurked vaguely in dreamland, and here was a flesh and blood lover at her feet. Should she — should she not — oh should she — take him?

Round the corner came suddenly the clatter of teacups and the high voices of girls. Tea had appeared on the lawn, and with it the family — Veronica's step-mother and step-sisters. None of them gave her much love, all

of them would be glad to have her out of the way. Here, close to her side, was the only man who had offered to take her away since the lover of her youth had died; possibly no one might ever again make to her such a proposal. If she refused this chance she might remain at the Grove — unloved, unwanted — to the end.

Again Mr. Theodore Vane pressed his suit. A quarter of an hour later he joined the tea-party on the lawn, an accepted lover.

Veronica could not face the family. She went straight to her room, and left her *fiancé* to break the news over the tea-table. He executed the task very bunglingly. For some time he could not make either mother or daughters understand, and when at last he did force the truth upon their comprehension he was quite disconcerted by the manner in which they received the news. They were at first too amazed for anything but silence, and their congratulations, when at last given, were cold in the extreme. Nothing could have been flatter. Theodore's spirits sank steadily as tea progressed; he noticed that Mary was now faultlessly attired, and looking rather pale and unusually pretty, and with a faint pang of fear he began to wonder whether, after all, he could have made a mistake. A remark Mrs. Hooker had made rankled unpleasantly in his mind.

"We can't help being surprised," she had said, "for somehow we had got into a way of regarding Veronica as quite a confirmed spinster, and you seem so young."

It annoyed him to think that any one could speak of the girl — no, he realized he could not use the term *girl* — the lady he had just proposed to, as a "confirmed spinster." It meant nothing more or less than an "old maid." Just a polite way of saying "old maid." Not pleasant to hear one's *fiancée* called "an old maid," however politely it might be put.

"If only she had been a few years younger," he said to himself, looking half regretfully at the now spick-and-span Mary.

Of course he stayed to dinner. Mrs. Hooker could scarcely do less than ask him; under the circumstances, he could scarcely do less than remain. But the evening was not a success. Mrs. Hooker and the girls were dull. Veronica wore a pretty dress, but she looked pale, her manner was constrained, the frank, almost girlish gaiety, which had characterized it when alone with Theodore had left her, she was not the charming Veronica of the conservatory. Had Theodore known of the very trying moments she had gone through with the family before dinner, possibly unfavorable criticism would have changed into tender sympathy. I say possibly, for no one could prophesy the course Theodore's mind would take with any assurance.

The girls had rushed up into Veronica's room as soon as the tea hour was over.

"Well, Veronica! I never thought before that you were so deep," exclaimed Mary indignantly.

"Deep!" cried Veronica, drawing herself up a little haughtily; "I don't understand you, Mary; how have I been deep?"

"You can't deny that you kept it all very dark," said Lizzie also indignantly. "And all the time you tried to give us to understand that you knew he preferred us—preferred Mary, I mean, and that you were doing your best to leave the coast clear for her."

"Until to-day, Lizzie, I was as ignorant as you as to what Mr. Vane's intentions might be."

"Of course she was," chimed in Daisy. "What are you accusing her like this for? Mr. Vane has unexpectedly chosen her, and there's an end to it."

"Go away, Daisy, or else hold your tongue," said Lizzie angrily.

"Shan't," said Daisy. She was the only one in the family who understood Veronica at all, and something in her step-sister's pale, disturbed face made her determined to stay and, if need be, champion her on this trying occasion.

"What's this? What's this?" cried Mrs. Hooker, rustling into the room.

"Daisy, I often hear you speaking rudely to your sisters, you should remember they are older than you are. Dear me, Veronica, Mr. Vane certainly has taken us by surprise! We should never ourselves have thought of such a match as suitable. So young a man!"

"He is exactly my own age, mother," put in Veronica, turning her face a little aside, and playing with the things on the toilet-table.

"Oh, indeed! I should never have thought that. However, it is a very good match from a pecuniary point of view, which no doubt has weighed with you."

"No," said Veronica in a low tone, "it was not the thought of his money which weighed with me."

Lizzie gave a little incredulous laugh.

"He certainly did behave at one time as if it were Mary he had a fancy for," went on Mrs. Hooker, "and I cannot understand what made him veer round to you so suddenly. I hope he knows his own mind, and will be faithful to you. You were of course quite justified in taking him at his word, for chances don't come often, once a girl has passed her youth. I really hope you may be very happy."

Then, to the astonishment of the family, the usually self-contained Veronica turned upon them a face streaming with tears.

"Oh," she said passionately, "I do hope I may be happy. I do pray I may at last find love and happiness. I have longed for it so long, so very long. Can you not understand, all of you, that it is not the money, or the mere fact of marrying, but it is the home of my own—the love—that I need? Girls, have none of you one kind word for me at such a time?"

Daisy sprang forward and gave her a warm embrace, tears in her own beautiful eyes. The elder girls also came near and kissed her and, looking rather shamefaced, tried to offer hearty congratulations. They were all touched by the sight of Veronica's emotion; though selfish, they were not bad at heart. For a moment Mrs. Hooker looked half inclined to take offence.

"Really, Veronica! You talk as if we had not made you happy here," she said.

Then better feelings prevailed, and she too went up to Veronica and kissed her.

So the little scene ended better than it began. But strong emotion leaves its mark behind it, and this mark was written in pale, unbecoming characters on Veronica's face when she sat down at the dinner-table by the side of her critical lover.

Late that night Daisy stole into her step-sister's room. Veronica was in bed and the room was dark.

"Veronica, are you awake?" she asked softly.

"Yes, Daisy dear; what is it?"

"I wanted to come and talk to you. I feel that we have not made you so happy here as we might have done. We, who are the real interlopers in this home. Have you done this, Veronica, to get away from us, or do you really love Mr. Vane?"

For a moment Veronica lay silent in the darkness. "Don't ask such very searching questions, Daisy dear," she said at length faintly.

"Well, let me say one thing. Don't marry Mr. Vane unless you are sure he will make you happy. Somehow I don't feel as if he were the right man for you. In spite of his money and his handsome face, he is not good enough for you. Vera dear, if you change your mind and think you'd like to stay on here better than to marry Mr. Vane, remember one thing—and this is what I came to say: I shall always, always, be nice to you in future."

"Dear Daisy, you have seldom been anything but nice, and I shall not change my mind."

"You know, Vera," went on Daisy a little nervously as though not sure of her ground, "I have always had a sort of feeling that Mr. Pindar would like to have you for his wife."

"Mr. Pindar! I never thought of him! I do not believe he has ever thought of me, in that way. He is not a marrying man. He has always said plainly he cannot afford to marry."

"All the same, he is in love with you," said Daisy, speaking now with more confidence. "Oh, the bright eye of a Daisy is very sharp. Now, he is a gentleman!"

"Do you mean to imply that Mr. Vane is not?" asked Veronica uneasily.

"Oh no! of course he's one, by birth and all that. I mean—in *himself*, he can't compare with Mr. Pindar as a gentleman."

Again Veronica lay silent in the dark. She may in her heart have recognized the truth of her young sister's criticisms, but she did not choose to say so. Her silence made Daisy feel she must say nothing more either in the shape of remonstrance or suggestion. So with the versatility of youth she began to discuss the coming wedding, and dilated on the pleasure it would give her to come and stay with Veronica when she was married. The frivolous element she thus introduced did Veronica good, and made her forget for the time being some misgivings, which, unknown to every one, she shared in common with Daisy. Her young sister left her happier than she found her.

Theodore stayed a week with Mr. Pindar in the character of an engaged man. Daily visits were paid by him to his lady-love. His behavior during these visits was not altogether satisfactory; in fact it excited much comment from the family. With a new-born kindness, though, they forbore to make their comments in Veronica's presence. No one could have failed to observe that as a lover Theodore was variable. Sometimes he was very attentive, at others almost neglectful, devoting himself to the younger girls, as if he found the change from Veronica to them refreshing. Veronica bore this occasional neglect with a good deal of quiet dignity. It must have mortified her to find that her lover could attach himself to a sister for a whole afternoon, and almost ignore her presence, but no word expressive of mortification ever escaped her lips.

At the end of a week Theodore be-

gan to get restless, and said he must really go and see about furnishing up Woodleigh Manor for the reception of his bride. So, escorted by Mr. Pindar, he walked up to the Grove one morning to bid them all farewell. The Hooker family came *en masse* into the drawing-room to see them, and Theodore was particularly agreeable and lively, his good spirits under the circumstances taking every one a little by surprise. He quite monopolized the conversation, and descanted at great length on all he intended to do at Woodleigh Manor. Of course he should write to Veronica every day, and in a month's time he hoped to run up and pay her a short visit. Then when the date fixed for the marriage drew near he should come back to the Stainbourne Arms with his best man, and Pindar, like the brick he was, had promised to put up one or two friends who might like to be present at the ceremony. So he ran on, and the family sat and smiled, and Veronica listened with burning cheeks, and seemed to find the publicity of the affair a little trying.

"We won't have a grand wedding, I think, Veronica?" remarked Theodore at length, for the first time addressing his lady-love particularly.

"Certainly not, if you prefer a quiet one," answered Veronica, coloring still more deeply, and looking very embarrassed. Mr. Pindar glanced curiously at her, then turned his eyes quickly away as though the sight pained him.

"Yes, I think I prefer a quiet one. A fuss and a crowd of people detract from the solemnity of the occasion, don't you think?"

Lizzie gave a faint derisive sounding little sniff and looked at Mary, who gave a tiny but intelligent sniff in reply.

Theodore went on regardless of sniffs. "We'll have the immediate relations and friends, a nice friendly little breakfast—and away," he said importantly.

Again Veronica blushed deeply, and again Mr. Pindar just glanced at her.

Blushes became Veronica, she looked unusually pretty and young in her

embarrassment. Her lover evidently thought so, for at this point he rose, and with almost an impassioned air asked her to come out with him into the garden.

We will not describe this parting scene. Suffice it to say that Theodore's fervency on the occasion amply atoned for two or three afternoons of neglect, and he left Veronica with quite a warm glow in her heart. Love was sweet, she felt, even — even if the lover were not quite the ideal lover.

"The dear girl!" exclaimed Theodore dramatically as he walked down the drive. "I could hardly tear myself away from her, Pindar. You have no idea what a hold she has taken on my heart. I feel as if I could not live through two long months without seeing her."

"I thought you intended running down to see her at the end of a month," observed Mr. Pindar dryly.

"Oh yes, of course, I forgot — so I am," said Theodore, looking a little disconcerted. "I remember now, I did say so."

"I trust your memory will serve you better when the month is up," said the rector sharply. Then as though sorry to have spoken sharply, he hooked his arm through the younger man's and tried to discuss pleasantly with him the details of the approaching wedding.

"Keep an eye on the sweet girl, and let me know at once if she has even a finger-ache," were Theodore's last words to his friend as the train bore him away.

A month passed. Theodore wrote every day with unfailing regularity to his *fiancée*, and sent besides frequent letters to Mr. Pindar. Judging by his letters, preparations were being made on a large scale for the bride. A billiard-room was being built on to the Manor, with a smoking-room opening out of it, all to please the bride. The stables, also, were being enlarged, and two valuable hunters had been bought and were now waiting, like the bride, to be installed. Veronica did not hunt, but Theodore, having made no inquiries on the point, could not be

expected to know this, so his kindness remained the same. Naturally, these extensive alterations required constant supervision, so at the end of a month he found it impossible to get away, and had to forego the promised visit to his *fiancée*. This, so he said to Veronica, gave him great grief; but, as he said to Mr. Pindar, there was so much to think of, and so much to do, he had no time for idle repining. His evenings, though, would have been very dull—this also was to Mr. Pindar—had it not been for the society of some old friends who had lately returned to the neighborhood; Captain and Mrs. Blake, and their only child, a daughter named Celia. For two years they had been travelling for Celia's benefit, and the two years had improved Celia wonderfully. She had been charming as a schoolgirl, she was now lovely, quite the belle of the neighborhood. The Blakes' little place adjoined his property. Most kind people. He could turn in there every evening if he chose, always certain of his welcome. Celia was as musical as she was lovely, quite an acquisition, would be a delightful companion for Veronica, though, of course, years younger. Had he mentioned that the intended billiard-room was to be changed into a music-room? Celia had suggested it, she was so fond of music, and he thought it a capital suggestion.

On the receipt of a letter from Theodore, the rector usually walked up to the Grove and gave the Hookers the benefit of the news it contained, but on this occasion he departed from his usual custom and did not walk up to the Grove; neither, when he next met the family, did he mention Celia.

The alterations seemed to make slow progress, in spite of Theodore's constant supervision of labor. The wedding had to be postponed; impossible to bring the bride to a scene of such great disorder. It was now fixed for the second week in October, six weeks later than the date originally fixed. Towards the end of September Theodore in a letter to Mr. Pindar hinted at the possible necessity for a further ad-

jourment, but received a sharp letter from the rector in reply.

"It does not look well when a man hangs back," the latter wrote, "and your *fiancée's* position is beginning to be a little trying. Her family were not pleased at the last postponement, and any further delay might expose her to humiliating remarks. I think, judging from a remark Daisy let fall, that they have all felt you might have spared a few days to Veronica, her distance from you not being great, and your time being quite your own. I am certain Veronica has felt it; she has been looking both pale and depressed. I should be sorry to think a friend of mine was behaving badly."

By return of post came Theodore's reply. It had a startling effect on the rector. He set his teeth as he read, and his eyes glittered with a light before which Theodore, had he been present, would have paled and trembled. Thus ran the letter:—

"DEAR PINDAR,—I am in a terrible mess. For mercy's sake lend me a helping hand. I cannot marry Veronica. I have no fault to find with her, but, I may as well confess the truth, I love Celia. I never meant to tell Celia, but she has found it out and has confessed she is not indifferent to me. Of course she knows nothing of this previous engagement, and I am anxious neither she nor her parents should ever know. Veronica is the difficulty. How will she take it? Will she create a scandal? Dear old friend, for the sake of old times, go up and try to arrange the matter quietly. Tell her I honor and respect her deeply, and all that sort of thing, but that my heart, in spite of all my efforts, has gone out to another. Gild the pill as much as you like, tell her I am prepared to make any money sacrifice, if that would compromise the matter."

The rector read no further. With a fierce gesture he dashed the letter to the ground, and crushed it beneath his heel.

"The cur! The mean, contemptible hound!" he exclaimed, pacing up and down his study floor like an angry lion.



"No fault to find with her! with her! that angel! How dare he? Actually engaging himself to Celia, whilst Veronica, sweetest of women, waits for him, and prepares for her wedding-day. How dare he offer her his dirty money? And Celia is not to know! The dastard! Celia and her parents shall hear the whole story from me to-morrow. But Veronica! Oh heavens! how tell that long-trying, sensitive creature so vile an insult has been offered her! Why does he add to his selfish cruelty by deputing *me* to be his emissary?"

The rector sat down on a chair against the wall, looking pale and unnerved, and began to speak to himself in short sentences, as a man in a dream.

"He asks me to go up and stab—the woman I love. The woman I love. How will she take it? How am I to soften the insult? What can I say—what say—to the woman I love? Tell her I rejoice in her escape?—the woman I love?"

Suddenly the rector's strong hands began to tremble, and quite vacantly he gazed across the room at the wall facing him, of which he saw nothing.

"She is free!" he said, as if the thought had just occurred to him. "She is free—the woman I love."

Then he fell on his knees, and for a moment there was a sound as of weeping in the room. Only for a moment. The strong man conquered his weakness, and with characteristic promptitude prepared for action. First he dashed off a note to Theodore.

"I go," he said, "to expose you in your true colors to the Hooker family, and to congratulate Miss Hooker on her escape from so pitiful, so contemptible a creature as you. At the same time do not imagine this matter will be suffered to drop without my taking some speedy action in the matter, or that you will escape the obloquy you deserve. I need scarcely add that you will never again be suffered to dishonor my Rectory with your presence; but to-morrow I visit your neighborhood, and unless you wish to ensure a

horse-whipping, I should advise you to try change to a foreign climate for a season, and to keep out of my way."

The note finished, he took up his hat and prepared to leave for the Grove. As he crossed the hall he caught sight of the reflection of his agitated face in the mirror; he stopped and tried to compose himself.

"I wonder if this coat is good enough to go up in," he murmured, and then gave a strange little laugh, remembering Theodore had used almost the same words a few months ago when he had started for the Grove—and came back engaged to Veronica. Dismissing the coat question quickly, as though ashamed so trivial a matter should occupy his mind at such a time, he stepped quickly out and strode across the garden. But all the way to the Grove six words haunted and agitated him. "And came back engaged to Veronica." He tried to escape from their haunting persistence, and to frame in his mind the words he should speak when he came face to face with Veronica, and had to break the news to her; but none that were suitable occurred to him. Never before had the self-reliant rector felt so discomposed, so uncertain how to deal with a situation.

When he neared the Grove, he saw Daisy leaning carelessly against one of the pillars of the entrance gate, almost as if she were waiting for him to appear. As he came up she gave a glance at his agitated face, then said quickly:

"Who do you want to see?"

"Your sister—Veronica."

"Don't go to the house—she is in there," pointing to a little wood to the left. "Oh, Mr. Pindar, I am so sorry for her."

"What? Does she know? Has the villain written to her?"

"Yes, and mentioned having also written to you. I felt you would come at once to help Veronica. That is why I am waiting to tell you where to find her."

"Daisy! What shall I say to her?"

Daisy looked embarrassed. "You

must speak for yourself," she said, after a slight pause.

"Do they know—the others—up at the house?"

"Not yet. Telling them will be to her the bitterest part of it all. Mr. Pindar, is there—is there no one who loves her well enough to take her away from the Grove, where she is so unhappy?"

For a moment—a moment full of meaning and emotion—the girl's blue eyes met the man's dark brown ones; then with a blush Daisy fled, and without a word the rector turned and plunged into the wood. He had not to go far. Veronica was seated on a tree stump a little way back from the narrow path which led through the wood. She rose when she saw the rector coming, and tried to greet him naturally, but in her pale, sensitive face he read, as clearly as if she had expressed it, all she was feeling and suffering. The mortification, the wounded pride, the desperate struggle to keep up a brave appearance, and save what she could of her insulted woman's dignity.

"Thank you so much for coming," she said, her eyes downcast, her mouth quivering. "He said he had asked you to come to explain, to exonerate, but I wish for no explanations, don't trouble to exonerate him——"

"Exonerate him!" exclaimed the rector, sudden anger almost choking him for a moment. "The coward! Exonerate him!"

"Let it pass. The loss of him is nothing. He was unworthy. I felt it; in my heart I felt it all along. But—Mr. Pindar, if you will tell mother, if you will only tell mother. Spare me that. You don't know how trying it has been at home. And now, oh, now, my life will be very bitter!"

"It shall not be bitter," burst forth the rector passionately. "Give it to me, give it to me, Veronica. Give it to me, who love you, who have loved you for years beyond everything in the world. Give me your life, Veronica. Let me take you away from this home in which you have been so unhappy, to one in which you will be adored.

Come and fill my empty heart, come and brighten my loveless home—Veronica! Dearest, sweetest, loveliest, oh, come away with me—with me, who love you."

No words can describe the tumult of feeling which surged up in Veronica's heart as she listened to these impassioned words. Amazement, sudden deep conviction of the new lover's absolute truth and sincerity, a quick answering of love to love, intense relief and joy, succeeded each other with lightning rapidity. In two moments, as though by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, the world changed for Veronica. Here was the dream-lover of her womanhood, come at last, flesh and blood, standing close to her, absolutely satisfying, true, oh, who could doubt it, true to the core. No more bitterness, no more lovelessness, no more aching of heart. The dull cloud which year by year had been pressing lower and lower upon her had rolled away, and the brightness of heaven seemed suddenly to stream in upon her. Her newfound, unexpected happiness did for her what insult and misery had failed to do—it broke her down. She covered her face with her delicate hands, and burst into sobbing as abandoned and uncontrollable as that of a child.

Very tenderly, almost as if she had been a child, the rector tried to soothe her. He took her into his arms, and pressed the fair head down upon his broad breast, and let her sob there, until the overcharged heart found relief, and some measure of calmness was restored.

And all the time he spoke to her words which were as balm to the long-tried, sensitive soul.

"And now, dearest, it is your turn to speak," he said at last. "Can I, dare I hope that you will love me?"

"I think," answered Veronica in a low voice, "I think I must have loved you unknowingly all the time. I seemed to recognize you when you said you loved me; to recognize you as the one I had been longing for, as the one man in the world who could make me absolutely happy."

"Then you will be my wife, my own dearly loved wife? You will let me take you away from the Grove—soon—soon?"

"If—if you wish it," said Veronica, again trying to hide her flushed face with her hands.

"If!" cried the rector, gently pulling her hands away, and stooping his face over hers.

There was much virtue in that "If."

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From *The Nineteenth Century*.  
DELUSIONS ABOUT TROPICAL  
CULTIVATION.

BY SIR WILLIAM DES VŒUX.

THE uncultivated regions of the tropical world afford a wide field for the indulgence of imagination. Though the soil is probably not more fertile on the average than that of temperate climates, the greater rainfall and more powerful sun produce a comparative wealth, brilliancy, and rapidity of vegetation which make a vivid impression upon eyes accustomed to a less prolific nature, and commonly lead to transports of enthusiastic prophecy. Whenever there is a question of taking possession of a new tropical country—whether it is Fiji, Borneo, Madagascar, or Central Africa—we are presented with the same picture of a not too far distant future, when the vast tracts hitherto subordinate to an unaided nature shall have been brought under the dominion of man. The luxuriance of the virgin forest, with its flowering trees and its profusion of tangled lianes, so dear to the æsthetic sense of a Charles Kingsley, appeals to the colonizing enthusiast chiefly as indicating possibilities of its succession by equal luxuriance of human plantations; and that which with a certain contempt he calls "bush," or "jungle," or "scrub," is seen in his mind's eye replaced by vast fields of sugar, cotton, rice, and bananas. Now it is, no doubt, within the bounds of possibility that each of these forecasts may be realized some day; but, while each enthusiast regards that day as "within the region

of practical politics" for the country in which he is specially interested, that which they all ignore entirely, and what the rest of the world is apt to forget, is how extremely distant must be that day for all but a comparatively infinitesimal portion of the total of "uncultivation," and that, as a matter of fact, the very profusion of growth which so excites admiration is destined, for the most part, to defeat the aspirations based upon it. Early in the century, Humboldt, struck with the luxuriance of a Guianian banana-grove, calculated that it produced, I think, twentyfold more human food to the acre than a wheat-field—an estimate which, if correctly stated, I have reason to believe under the mark. Though no other cultivated vegetable rivals this in the bulk or weight of produce used for consumption, yet, relatively to their extent, human requirements are supplied from a similarly small space by most other tropical products; and, in any case, all that is required of such products by the non-tropical world is provided from an area which is, comparatively speaking, an extremely narrow one, and the extension of which is not likely to be much greater than the increase of population. Indeed, there is no warrant for supposing that the increase of the one will be any greater than that of the other; for even if the human capacity for consumption should increase, it is even more likely that there will be an improvement of scientific knowledge by which a given portion of surface will be made to produce more with less labor. Allowing, however, for an advance of the area of cultivation at a much greater rate than this, even a lion's share of it, such as each enthusiast expects for his own country, would not within any reasonable period bear more than a very insignificant proportion to any of the larger areas of the uncultivated tropics, such as those of Africa, Australia, and Brazil. There is, moreover, strong ground for believing that none of these countries will obtain even this advantage, and that while there will be a lion's share, it

will fall elsewhere, the rest of the world having to be content with a very insignificant residue.

Had this view been generally recognized as correct, it is probable that there would have been a much less keen contest among European nations for the possession of tropical Africa—a possession which (for reasons which may incidentally appear in the course of this paper) will, in my opinion, give no adequate return for its cost in lives and money; and it is even more probable that there would never have been undertaken many of the planting and other enterprises connected with the tropics which have proved unprofitable or disastrous. A delusion which has already caused much loss, and is likely to cause much more that is now unavoidable, ought to be fully exposed as such; and, though I cannot hope to do this with any approach to completeness (especially as I am writing where it is impracticable to obtain many of the necessary references and statistics), I propose to offer some considerations assisting towards that object, which may, I trust, lead to the full elucidation of the subject by others more competent and in a better position to deal with it.

I have been induced to take this course principally by the perusal of a paper entitled "The Australian Outlook," which was read lately before the Royal Colonial Institute, and received very favorable notice from a leading article of the *Times* specially devoted to it, as well as from other newspapers. Miss Shaw, the authoress of the paper in question, has by her writings frequently won my admiration for the copiousness of her knowledge of colonial questions, and the ability and strong common sense which she brings to their discussion. This particular paper also, as evidently appears from the long extracts published, was a powerful and eloquent one, and, no doubt, as a whole, especially in respect of temperate Australia, very fully deserved the unanimous applause which was accorded to it. Though I am very loth, therefore, to strike a discordant

note, it is, in fact, because the paper was so admirable, and the applause awarded to it by a representative colonial audience was apparently so unqualified, that I deem it necessary to call attention to its altogether too sanguine anticipation of the future of tropical Australia. Roseate views of this kind no doubt assist their own realization by stimulating energy and promoting enterprise, and are thus valuable when they make any approximation to probability; but, on the other hand, they can be hardly otherwise than mischievous and fraught with abundant danger to the innocent outsider when this necessary condition is absent. And this especially when such views are so ably expressed as to be specially noticed by the leading press, and when they have apparently received the approval of an audience of experts.

In the forefront of the extracts from this paper, as published in the *Times*, is a paragraph headed "The Two Australias," which term is explained to mean temperate Australia and tropical Australia. It is pointed out that "the life, the commerce, the labor, and consequently the politics" of the one will be widely different from those of the other; that the tendency of the tropical division, with "a large servile population" of colored laborers controlled by a relatively small body of white masters, is likely to be towards aristocracy, in contrast with the southern tendency towards democracy; and the opinion is then expressed with regard to tropical Australia "that, if it be allowed to develop itself in accordance with its requirements and situation, there are scarcely any limits which could be safely assigned to the addition which it may make to the wealth of the world," and, further, that, in view of such a development, each division of the continent is likely to "profoundly modify" the other.

If such a development of tropical Australia should ever take place, it almost goes without saying that it will be of the nature indicated. The coastlands, which are principally in point,

are, I believe, for the most part little above the level of the sea, and it is contrary to all experience that they can be permanently cultivated by the white man. Indeed, *pace* Mr. Stanley and other Uganda enthusiasts, I have grave doubts whether any tropical country can become a prosperous white man's colony — I mean a colony where white men are laborers as well as employers, and are able to rear a healthy progeny, inclined to and physically capable of work with the hands, such as were in the past the colonies of Massachusetts and New York, and such as are now those of Canada and temperate Australia. For my own somewhat varied experience, and what I have read of the experience of others, has caused me to believe that there is something in tropical latitude which, independently of temperature or elevation, operates against both the "physique" and the "morale" of the white man; and that, apart from this, the mere presence in large numbers of an inferior race causes manual labor to be regarded as a degradation, and thus affects, if it does not preclude, the energy which is so absolutely necessary to the pioneers of new countries. Africans, unlike many other colored peoples, have proved themselves prolific and "irrepressible" in the presence of the white man, even in the temperate climate of North America, where the conditions might be supposed to be comparatively unfavorable to them; and it is morally certain that in tropical Africa, under civilized government, they will multiply rapidly and ever make their presence felt, so as to render a colony of the kind indicated altogether impossible.

But whatever may be the case with respect to the elevated plateaux of Central Africa, there can now, I imagine, be no such question with regard to northern Australia. It is true that in his memorandum addressed to the people of Queensland, dated February, 1892, Sir Samuel Griffith, then premier of the colony (and one of the ablest of many able Australian statesmen) expresses his dissent from the opinion

that tropical agriculture cannot be performed by white men. He, however, expressly recognizes that the presence in large numbers of colored laborers "led to field labor in tropical agriculture being looked down upon as degrading and unworthy of the white race;" and as his paper was written for the purpose of justifying the resumption of Polynesian immigration (in promoting the abandonment of which he himself had taken a leading part) *because it was necessary for the maintenance of the sugar industry*, it is clear that his theory, even if it be correct, has little or no practical value. In any case, the fact that this immigration was resumed and still continues is a practical admission on the part of the people of Queensland that the colony has not, as was at one time supposed, any peculiarity of climate or circumstances which renders it an exception from the ordinary rule in respect of tropical colonization by white men.

A "white" colony being thus out of the question for tropical Australia, and as there is not the smallest probability of its being settled for agricultural purposes, by colored races coming of their own accord, or that they would be permitted to do so if they would, the only alternative is a colony such as Miss Shaw describes, supported by introduced "servile labor," the white men being exclusively in the position of masters or supervisors. Such a community, or rather the governing portion of it, would doubtless have aristocratic tendencies; and given a sufficient development to realize the brilliant picture of extended cultivation which Miss Shaw has imagined I do not question that it might have a considerable effect upon the democracy of the South. Such a development, however, I regard as both (1) economically and (2) politically impossible, meaning by (2) that the extent of the colored immigration required for such a development, even if otherwise practicable, would not be permitted by the democracy of temperate Australia.

First as to the economical question. In order to appreciate this, it is neces-



sary to consider for a moment the present condition of the country.

The tropical portion of Australia occupies somewhat more than a third of the continent, and contains an area exceeding one million square miles, or six hundred and forty million acres. In this vast territory, cultivation is almost entirely confined to the tropical district of Queensland, and was, at the date of the last statistics (1892), of an extent of only 44,932 acres. Of this area considerably more than two-thirds (30,604 acres) was in sugarcane; the rest of the cultivation, with the exception of some three thousand acres of bananas and other fruits, being for the most part of produce such as is never exported from the tropics, and evidently for the supply of local consumption. As regards population, there are some ten thousand Polynesians, nine thousand Chinese, and two thousand of other Asiatic races in Queensland; but much more than half of these are in the southern, or extra-tropical district, or are engaged in mining or other non-agricultural pursuits; so that for the raising of produce in the tropical district there are available some ten thousand laborers at the most.

It is therefore evident that for the least possible development such as would realize Miss Shaw's outlook, and have the effect on the South anticipated by her, there will be required an enormous importation of colored laborers. Now all countries which import such laborers, even those which, unlike Australia, are able to draw upon the huge population of China, have great difficulty in fulfilling their requirements at a sufficiently low cost in passage money and wages to render the importation remunerative. Even British Guiana, which produces a quality of sugar obtaining a specially high price in the market, and which can thus afford wages to imported labor at least as high as any other country, finds it difficult to fully supply its demands in the Eastern labor markets, except in years of scarcity; and yet all these importing countries, while they are at a disadvantage as compared with those which

have all their labor on the spot, have at the same time an advantage over Australia in possessing a certain amount of local labor. For colored laborers can only be induced to leave their homes on the promise of being paid a minimum rate of wages continuously through the whole period of their contract; while local labor need only be employed and paid when there is special pressure of work. The advantage of "local" over contract labor is, however, less in the case of sugar than in that of most other articles of tropical produce, because the quantity of work required for its cultivation and manufacture is comparatively even throughout the year; and this is probably one of several reasons why sugar cultivation so much preponderates over all other forms of agriculture in northern Australia. But even in the case of sugar, there are times when the work required is not so heavy as at others, and when, therefore, the absence of necessity to pay the full staff that is occasionally required, effects a great saving, and enables the payment of higher wages to those working continuously. The question thus arises whether, to set against the absence of "local" labor, there is any more than compensating advantage which would enable greater inducements to be offered to immigrants by tropical Australia than by other competing countries, so as to obtain for it a specially large share of the laborers open to recruitment. Judging from the Queensland returns of the different kinds of produce per acre, I should say that in soil and climate there was no such superiority. The yield of sugar per acre (one and a half tons), though a fair one, is fully equalled by some other countries; and the dry winds of the continent, which if not too prolonged would not be a disadvantage to sugar, would be actually injurious to other kinds of cultivation, such as those of rice, coconuts, coffee, tea, and tobacco; this being perhaps one of the reasons why none of these articles are produced except to a very small extent; while the same cause probably accounts for the

exceeding precariousness of the banana crop, to which reference will be made presently. Apart from soil and climate, the only advantage which Australia could have over some of the competing countries would be a larger local and protected market. If the democracy of a federated Australia should prove willing to purchase its requirements in tropical produce at a price much higher than necessary for the benefit of a planter-aristocracy, the protected market thus afforded would be sufficiently large to give a substantial advantage. But, for reasons given below, even the large consumption thus exclusively supplied would support an extension of cultivation only up to a point immeasurably short of the predicted development; and the advantage would cease almost entirely when that point had been reached. For the above reason it seems doubtful whether for any large supply of immigrants Australia would be able to compete with some other countries even on equal terms.

Supposing, however, that it can offer inducements equal to any, another question then arises as to where the number of laborers can be obtained which would be the minimum required for a development of the kind contemplated. At the present moment, though experimental importations have taken place from Java and Japan, practically the whole supply of colored laborers obtained by tropical Australia comes from the Pacific Islands. The wages required for these people are very low, and it is owing largely to that cause that the country has reached its present production. But this source of supply is an extremely limited one. In a paper prepared by me, as high commissioner of the western Pacific, for the Australasian Convention of 1883 (the principal arguments of which being very similar to those of this article had a very practical effect on that assembly with reference to the Pacific Islands) I pointed out that various causes, of which the labor traffic was a potent one, were rapidly depopulating Polynesia. For this reason, among

others, I then deplored, and still deplore, the existence of this traffic, because to set against the exceedingly temporary advantage derived from it by the importing countries, there is the fact that the islands thus rendered vacant by the destruction of the native races cannot, like North America and Australia, be peopled by Europeans, and will have to remain uninhabited until that indefinitely distant period when other colored races come or are brought thither from some other part of the world. Despite, however, all that can be said against it, the traffic has been renewed in Queensland, and is likely to continue so long as the people are to be obtained. But unless conditions have greatly changed in the ten years since I left the Pacific, that cannot be very long. Possibly, if the present rate of importation into Queensland (under twenty-five hundred per annum) is not exceeded, the supply may, though I much doubt it, last twenty-five years. But by the end of that time, or before then if any larger importation be attempted, it will have become completely exhausted. The only other sources from which colored laborers can now be obtained, or are likely in the future to be obtained, are the densely populated countries of the Eastern Hemisphere — India, China, Japan, and Java. Of these China must be left out of account, owing to the recent prohibitive laws, which, for reasons to be indicated in connection with the political difficulty, are very unlikely to be repealed. Japanese also must probably be excluded from calculation; for all previous experience goes to show, even that in respect of northern Chinese, that the inhabitants of temperate climates have an enormous death-rate on tropical plantations, and that therefore, humanity apart, their importation thither for contract labor is economically unprofitable. As regards Java, the rapid increase of population may render it possible to obtain recruits there; but the direct interest of the Dutch government in cultivation would probably preclude any large emigration such as would raise the wages

of labor, while the great area of the Dutch East Indies which is still uncultivated would support a population immeasurably larger than the present one. As regards India, the government there has never yet been persuaded to permit recruiting for Australia. Supposing, however, their objections overcome, and Australia left free to carry away all the people who could be induced to go there, the difficulty of obtaining any large supply would still be extremely great, if not insuperable. Even if the total number of laborers (under twenty thousand per annum) which are now obtained with much difficulty by all the competing countries were to be doubled or trebled and monopolized by Australia, the development created by them would not, as we shall see, for centuries to come reach the desired point, and indeed would never reach it in the absence of natural increase, which, owing to the political difficulty hereunder described, will probably have to be left out of account.

But even if all these difficulties should in some unforeseen manner be overcome, and Australia should be able to obtain laborers in practically unlimited numbers, there would still remain the greater difficulty, which consideration will quickly show to be insuperable, of selling at a remunerative price the enormous quantities of produce which would be necessarily involved in the contemplated development.

In order to appreciate this and other economical difficulties, let us suppose cultivation extended over six million acres, or less than one per cent. of the total area of tropical Australia.

And let us in the first place consider of what this supposed extent of cultivation would be most likely to consist. We have seen that at present in Queensland, the only part of tropical Australia where there is any agriculture of appreciable extent, the area of land in sugarcane is twice that of other cultivation. As it is now more than twenty years since the commencement of tropical agriculture there, it is probable that Australian enterprise and

energy have by this time made considerable progress towards the discovery of what kinds of tropical produce and what proportion of each kind hold out the best prospects of profit in cultivation. But, besides this, there are other and stronger reasons, which will be indicated in connection with the particular products, why the above proportion is not likely to be disturbed by the increase of other cultivation relatively to that of sugar. Indeed, in view of the declining production of maize and bananas, which occupy areas in extent second only to that of sugar, indications would seem to point rather in the other direction. Let us suppose, however, that the proportion remains the same; in which case four million acres of the above area would be in cane and two million in other cultivation. According to the present yield in Queensland (one and a half tons to the acre) which the progress of science will probably increase, the above area of cane would produce six million tons of sugar, this quantity being considerably more than double the whole of the cane-sugar consumed by the civilized world (2,805,733 tons per annum according to the returns of 1887), of which, moreover, 139,168 tons came from temperate climates (Louisiana and Egypt). It thus appears that when the above point of development has been reached, the consumption of cane-sugar will have more than doubled even if, the production of the rest of the world being extinguished, Australia were monopolizing the whole supply, and more than trebled if merely the increase of consumption were supplied from Australia, production elsewhere having remained stationary. Even if very large allowance be made for possible eventualities, the above consideration would seem to defer the supposed development to an extremely distant date; and there are also others, to be adverted to presently, which appear to indicate an even more indefinitely prolonged postponement. With a view, however, to estimate its effects, let us in the first place suppose that this development has actually taken place.

Six million acres would require at most two million laborers. As with few exceptions white men do not remain in the tropics after they have attained competency, and are specially unlikely to do so in Australia, where they have a temperate climate on the same continent within easy reach, the number of them as compared with the laborers will be very small. The proportion of white to colored varies greatly in different tropical countries under European government, being one to six hundred in Ceylon, and one to ten in Barbados. It is abnormally large in the latter case because of the survival in a degraded condition of many descendants of the white slaves imported thither two centuries ago. Apart from Australia (where the mines have attracted a large and continually shifting population of whites, while the great extent of pasture supports a considerable number of white shepherds) no other colony in the tropics has a proportion nearly so large as Barbados. In order, however, to be again on the safe side, let us suppose that the white population connected with agriculture should be double that high ratio, or twenty per cent., which for the above number of laborers would be four hundred thousand, or less than one-eighth of the present white inhabitants of temperate Australia. Considering that the mining and pastoral population, whatever it may be, is much more likely to be in sympathy with the democracy of the South than with the aristocracy of the North, I regard the probability of the former being appreciably affected, not to speak of "profoundly modified," by the latter as scarcely greater than that of the United States being affected by the future development of Labrador or Greenland.

I have mentioned that there are still other economical difficulties than those already indicated in the way of the supposed development. In order to appreciate these, it will be useful to take a separate glance at the case of each of the leading tropical products, beginning with an article which is at least as important as any other.

Cotton, though largely produced in the tropics, comes in far larger quantity from temperate climates. In 1891 the United States exported in quantity 2,907,359,000 pounds, valued at \$290,713,000 or nearly 60,000,000*l.*, and Egypt exported a quantity of the value of about 9,000,000*l.*; while the export of tropical India was in quantity only 536,390,512 pounds valued at 12,743,679*l.*, the contributions of the rest of the world being comparatively insignificant. During the civil war in North America, which caused a partial failure of the world's cotton-supply, many attempts were made elsewhere to fill the void thus created in the market, and several tropical countries (within my own experience Fiji and Guiana) showed that they could grow cotton equal to the finest sea-island of Carolina. But as soon as the war was over the United States quickly regained its former supremacy in production, with the result above indicated. As the available lands of the Southern States are still largely uncultivated, and the negro population, which supplies the necessary labor, is rapidly increasing, the advantage thus gained is likely to be maintained, with the result that a large portion of any increase of the world's consumption will be thence supplied. Failing the United States, there are large tracts still uncultivated in India, where labor is cheaper than in any other part of the world; and there is an immeasurably larger area of "uncultivation" in Burmah, the Malay Peninsula, Siam, Sumatra, Borneo, and the other islands of the Eastern Archipelago, to each of which countries Indian labor will either flow naturally, or be carried under the contract system at considerably less cost than to Australia; and several of which, moreover, have, or are likely to have, the advantage of Chinese labor, henceforward to be denied to Australia. Going farther afield, there are still uncultivated all but an infinitesimal portion of tropical South America, and by far the larger portion of the West Indies,<sup>1</sup> Fiji, and

<sup>1</sup> The West Indies, which supply so large a pro-

the Pacific Islands, which, though they are more distant than Australia from the eastern labor-markets, have all to a greater or less extent the more than compensating advantage of local labor. In respect of every one of these countries we have heard at one time or another, probably with truth, of its great fertility, and its capability of growing successfully all kinds of tropical produce; and it would thus seem that, all things considered, they between them leave but little opening for cotton cultivation to tropical Australia.

Sugar, which is of importance next to or equal with cotton, comes also largely from temperate climates. For of the 5,532,545 tons (beet as well as cane sugar) which appear in the returns for 1887 as the total of the world's supply, less than half came from the tropics. However, in the small agricultural development which has hitherto taken place in northern Australia, the cultivation of the cane occupies, as we have seen, a large place. This industry has hitherto had not only the advantage of the low-waged Polynesian labor, which, for reasons given above, will not continue long, but also another which is likely to be equally ephemeral, viz., that of a protected market for a large portion of its produce. Of the 61,368 tons of sugar produced in 1892, only 36,914 tons were exported; so that apparently 24,454 tons were consumed on the spot; this consumption of the home product being encouraged by a duty on imported sugar of 5s. a ton for "raw," and 6s. 8d. a ton for

portion of the world's tropical produce, though they occupy so small a space on the map, might be supposed to be for the most part cultivated. But in fact they are so only to a very small extent, and thus afford an illustration of the narrowness of the area required for tropical cultivation. For instance, the island of Trinidad exported in 1890 51,000 tons of cane-sugar, or more than one-fiftieth of the world's supply produced in the tropics, and 21,552,593 pounds of cacao, which I know to be a much larger part of the general total; and yet of its area of 1,754 square miles, under 200 square miles are cultivated. Except two or three of the smallest islands, such as Barbados and Antigua, all the rest are equally or more uncultivated. Cuba, the largest, besides tobacco and other articles, exported in 1887 646,588 tons of cane-sugar, or more than one-fourth of the world's tropical supply.

refined. It is evident, however, that this advantage will be rapidly lost as increase of production outstrips increase of consumption, and would dwindle almost to vanishing point when the production became really large, or, say, equal to that of the comparatively small island of Cuba (646,588 tons). Hence the progress which has hitherto been made in sugar cultivation would be altogether misleading if it were regarded as a measure of the further development of the future; though this produce is always likely to retain its present relatively prominent position, not only for reasons previously indicated, but also because, owing to the great outlay required for works and machinery, the cost of wages bears a less than ordinary proportion to the total cost.

Of other articles of tropical produce there are a considerable number, unnecessary to be specified in detail, which, as specially requiring cheap labor, are rarely, if ever, grown for export elsewhere than in the cheap-labor countries of the East. If their cultivation should ever spread beyond such countries, the causes indicated in connection with cotton would probably carry it into places presenting much more favorable conditions than Australia. In this category the important articles rice, tea, and quinine may almost be included. For though the rice grown in the United States is protected both by duty and by comparative proximity to market, while it is of a quality which gives it a specially high intrinsic value, yet I observe from an article by Mr. Chauncey Depew in this review of February last that the American planters are crying out for more protection against the rice of the East. And in further proof of the strength of the eastern position as regards the production of this article is the fact that British Guiana and Trinidad, which have shown themselves able to grow rice equal to the finest of Carolina, and require very large quantities for the food of some two hundred thousand coolie immigrants, yet find it cheaper to import from the East than to culti-



vate on the spot. Thus in the years 1890-2 these two colonies imported between them 193,115,415 pounds, or an average of 64,371,805 pounds per annum. Tea, again, though it has been successfully grown in various countries, has not, I believe, proved profitable elsewhere than in Ceylon, Java, Assam, China, and Japan, the cultivation in the last three countries being, moreover, almost entirely extra-tropical. In Fiji, where the climate and soil proved specially favorable, the evenly distributed rainfall producing more frequent "flushes" of leaves even than in Ceylon, yet the want of sufficient local labor proved a fatal obstacle to success. Lastly, quinine, though coming originally from South America, is now being cultivated almost exclusively in the East. That low-waged labor is specially necessary for it is shown by the fact that, though the cinchona-tree grows and yields remarkably well in Ceylon, its cultivation is no longer profitable there (the export of quinine having fallen in value from 327,769*l.* in 1886 to 53,062*l.* in 1892), the cause probably being the reduction of the market price brought about by the still cheaper labor of India and Java.

Of articles which are largely or principally grown elsewhere than in the East, those which deserve notice, viz., coffee, cacao, maize, bananas, coconuts, and tobacco, will all of them probably meet with other obstacles, besides the labor difficulty, to any large production in tropical Australia. Coffee production was, up to a period still recent, becoming gradually monopolized by the East, when the destructive leaf disease gave a renewed opportunity to other parts of the world. If this pest should not spread to the western hemisphere, any increase of production may be looked for there, or possibly in Africa; but as in the East it has reached the more distant Fiji, it is not likely to be excluded from Australia, should cultivation on a large scale be attempted there. And to this article also, as to so many others, cheap "local" labor is almost a necessity, it being the want of this which, on

the downfall of slavery, put an end to the formerly flourishing plantations of Demerara and Surinam. In the case of all the other articles last enumerated, there will probably be to a greater or less extent a climatic difficulty. And this especially in the case of cacao, which requires a combination of heat and moisture found only in very low latitudes. In the northern hemisphere its cultivation has never, I think, met with commercial success in a higher latitude than 14°, and as the southern hemisphere has a lower average temperature, it may be doubted whether the cacao-vine could be anywhere profitably cultivated in Australia, except perhaps in the extreme north of the York Peninsula. Maize, on the contrary, is much more productive in temperate climates (unless I have been misled by what I have seen in Illinois and Iowa on the one hand, and in various tropical countries on the other); and hence by far the larger quantity consumed beyond the countries of production does not come from the tropics. In 1892 less than one-tenth part of the total quantity produced in Queensland came from the tropical district; and it may also be noted that between that year and 1891 the area occupied by maize in Queensland decreased by 9,426 acres, and the produce by 744,362 bushels, showing apparently, as I should have expected, that this cultivation was not proving profitable. Coconuts, though they give a profitable return to cultivation only in the immediate neighborhood of the sea, might yet be very largely cultivated along the immense coastline of tropical Australia, if other conditions were favorable. The fact, therefore, that none of the various products of this palm appear in the Queensland returns would seem to indicate a climatic difficulty in this case also. Possibly, however, the sole cause may be found in the fact that the great area which has been brought into cultivation in other countries (according to the Colonial Office list, 649,869 acres in Ceylon alone) has sometimes reduced the price of the produce below the remunerative point

in countries affording much more favorable conditions for cultivation than Australia. Bananas, owing to the great productiveness above referred to, are never likely to occupy any large area in Australia, even if all conditions are favorable. They can never be grown for export, because all temperate countries have nearer to them other tropical countries where the fruit can be produced under more favorable conditions, certainly as regards labor and probably as regards climate also. Indeed, improvements in carriage and refrigeration are much more likely to increase the competition in Australia on the part of other countries than to enable Australia to compete in outside markets. And as regards Australian consumption, though it is probably larger per caput than in any other country, even a monopoly of its supply would require no large area of cultivation. At present some four thousand acres in Queensland and a somewhat larger area in the Pacific Islands—certainly under ten thousand acres altogether—are all that are required for this purpose; so that with a population now increasing (according to the latest statistics) at a rate little exceeding two per cent. per annum, fifty thousand acres would be more than enough for a century to come. If the Australian democracy should consent to a heavy import duty on one of its favorite luxuries, this area might be entirely in Australia; if not, the supply will probably come from other countries even in a larger proportion than now. For the production in Queensland, never very large at the best, appears to be exceedingly precarious, the return per acre varying in different years from 874 dozens in 1884, to 5,656 dozens in 1890, and falling again to 2,988 dozens in 1891. Probably owing to this cause in connection with the active competition of Fiji, the area of Queensland banana cultivation diminished by 838 acres between the years 1891-2. Here again we have an indication of a climatic difficulty—probably the hot winds from the desert—which has been noticed with reference to other products. To-

bacco comes into civilized markets principally from temperate climates. The finer kinds which come from Cuba and a few other tropical countries occupy so small an aggregate area that the share of production obtainable by Australia would be insignificant even if all conditions were favorable. With regard to this point it may be noted that of the 318 acres of tobacco which was the total of Queensland in 1892 only thirteen acres were in the tropical district; and the cultivation was moreover proving unprofitable, as the area of it was greater in 1891 by 472 acres.

In connection with the observations preceding it, the above review of the different articles of produce seems to indicate that there is nothing in the circumstances of any of them which points to any extensive cultivation in Australia within any near future, and that even as regards sugar, while it is likely to retain its present prominence, the development created by it cannot, relatively to the size of the country, be otherwise than very small indeed.

I now come to the political difficulty above referred to, which will probably render still narrower the narrow limits imposed upon development by economical causes. There are two distinct forces existent in Australia, which together will almost certainly have this effect: (1) the strong jealousy of the all-powerful democracy in respect of the introduction of any laborers, and especially of colored laborers, who, being willing to accept low wages, are the more likely to cause the reduction of their own; (2) the almost equally strong feeling on the part of the better educated class, which furnishes the statesmen and leading politicians, against the permission of any conditions which would reproduce in Australia the embarrassing questions of "color" which are already making themselves severely felt in the United States, and which promise infinitely greater difficulty in the future—a feeling, in fact, in favor of a purely English race for Australia. Polynesian immigration is tolerated because the

immigrants return to their country after a short period of service. Sir Samuel Griffiths, in his apologetic defence of the measure for its resumption, expressly urges this ground for preferring it to other colored immigration, while he recognizes the necessity of regulations to prevent the immigrants from competing with whites in other occupations than agricultural labor. Such regulations may sufficiently well serve their purpose, while the number of the colored population is as insignificant as at present; but it is impossible to conceive that they would remain practically effective when the number became large; and especially when it had increased a hundredfold. Even now, I observe, from complaints in the reports of the Queensland Immigration Department, that Polynesians are in the habit of straying across the border into New South Wales. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that, as the number of immigrants increases, the number of these stragglers will increase also, as the difficulty of restraining them will be all the greater. In this and many other ways any large colored immigration would almost certainly affect the wages of white labor; and when this was once felt, the democracy would rise in its might and put an end to colored immigration altogether, as it has already at different times put an end to the importation of convicts and Chinese. But whether this complete termination of colored immigration should occur or not, no one who knows Australia would regard it as otherwise than certain that all such immigration will be jealously watched with a view to prevent the permanent settlement of the immigrants in the country. In all probability when the scale of immigration makes any considerable increase of magnitude, the immigrants will be forced to return to their country after the conclusion of their period of contract service, which in the case of Indians is usually five years. Under these circumstances the colored population of Australia would never be larger than the importations of that period, minus such number as

may have died in the country. And even without such a regulation Indian immigration, if left to its ordinary course, would not produce any greatly better results. For natural increase (which is in any case small, owing to the small number of women who can be induced to emigrate) would be confined to the very few who would elect to remain in the country and to abandon their right to return passage. Owing to this cause it would take a long time before the population became greater than the importations of ten years; and in order to reach the point of development above hypothetically indicated there would be required for many successive years an importation of about two hundred thousand people per annum. It is needless to say that things must greatly change in India to render such a scale of recruiting possible, even if Australian conditions were such as to permit it.

As the result of the above considerations, it may, I think, be concluded that the development of northern Australia must be an extremely gradual one. Considering all the obstacles in the way, I question whether at the end of the next generation the area of cultivation will have much more than doubled; and in no conceivable circumstances can it for many generations to come occupy more than a very insignificant fraction of the whole country. And after all I cannot say that the continuance in its natural condition of the wide expanse of tropical Australia seems particularly deplorable. The race which has achieved present conditions in the short time which has elapsed since New Holland was first utilized for settlement (though not only men and women, but every animal and vegetable consumed or used by civilized man has had to be brought from the other end of the world) will for ages to come find in the temperate division of the continent abundant scope for its wonderful energy. As it is already beginning to utilize the desert, it may one day convert the whole of the southern portion of it into a vast garden of cultivation, and by this means

open up an unlimited field for expansion. This is a prospect which can, I think, be contemplated with far more satisfaction than that anticipated for northern Australia, inasmuch as it would have been the work of free men.

Though Miss Shaw, in a perorative passage says, "Australia has already given us a democracy which is good. It is within the possibilities of the future that she may yet give us an aristocracy which is better," I confess myself unable to conceive that an Australian democracy, whatever its defects, would be less desirable than a quasi-aristocracy of planters, with its necessary complement of colored serfs. For, with my somewhat large experience of what is involved in communities where the colored men are under the servitude of contract and the whites are merely in the position of supervisors, I cannot say that I should regard with pleasure the establishment of a new one on an enormous scale, in which the dominant race, owing to the power of its numbers, would be practically uncontrolled in the making and administration of its laws. To explain my reasons fully would require a long digression beyond the purpose of this paper; but I may give a sufficient notion of it from the following. Having been through the Southern States of America in 1859, with slavery at its full height; having since then had practical experience of the contract system of colored labor in four different colonies; having learned what the laws respecting the latter may become unless watched and checked by a supreme authority, acting in the interest of employed as well as employers; having seen what such laws have actually become when the vigilance of such authority has been temporarily relaxed; having known, moreover, what under such a system may happen despite the best laws, and how these may be administered in the absence of a strong superintending control—I, after all this experience, have no hesitation in saying that at the cost of a huge community such as that above described, I should regard yellow rice-fields, waving

palms, and teeming banana-groves as very dearly purchased. Considering, therefore, what is involved in it, I contemplate without regret the fading of the brilliant vision which has been offered for our admiration; and I much prefer for Australia the anticipation of an unmixed English race, however democratic in tendency, even though that should mean the continuance in its natural condition of by far the greater part of its tropical territory.

For those who believe that the world has been created exclusively for man, it is, no doubt, difficult to understand that any such large portion of it is to remain for an indefinite period untouched by the plough or spade. But those who have considered the infinite life of nature, to which man has no apparent relation, especially those who in the tropical forest, where the foot of man has rarely or never trodden, have had brought home to their imaginations the thousands of generations of plants since the world was evolved out of chaos, and the millions of generations of insects which are born, multiply, and die in a day, find it hard to believe that all this can have been intended for the benefit of one item of the creation, however important, and will as readily, and without more sadness, contemplate that that which has been unused by man for ages past will remain so for an equally prolonged period of the future.

Possibly, however, the all-for-man theory may in the end seem the correct one even in this case. It may be that in the progress of discovery, by water drawn from below the earth or attracted from above, even what is now the arid tropical desert may be made to support flocks and herds in number beyond comparison with those now in the country; it may be that the gradual awakening of China from its long sleep may one day reach a point where the world will have to count with the power, now for the most part latent, of its four hundred millions of men, and will be unable to prevent their overflow upon the vacant regions of the earth, that (*absit omen*!) of tropical Australia

included ; it may be that in the course of time there will be evolved, by the survival of the fittest, a purely English race, which, having (as perhaps have the southern Chinese)<sup>1</sup> overcome an original incapacity to withstand the tropical sun, will spread over the wastes of northern Australia, and increase and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it ; or, again, it may be that the inclination of the plane of the ecliptic, or a change, however produced, similar to the many which have already occurred on this planet, will render temperate the now torrid climate, and thus enable the white race, without any such radical modification in its constitution, to occupy a country now unsuited to it. Such speculations, however, concern a somewhat too distant future to have other than academic interest, and are beyond the question now under consideration. My present purpose will have been sufficiently served if, despite doubtless some errors, I have assisted, in however small a degree, towards the destruction of a too common delusion, and to show what I believe to be the truth, that anything beyond a very infinitesimal development of northern Australia, and indeed with scarcely less certainty of other great areas of "uncultivation" in the tropics, is for many generations to come in a very high degree improbable.

<sup>1</sup> Apart from Tartars, Hakkas, and other alien races, the Chinese throughout their empire seem to have had the same origin ; and yet those of the north, unlike these of Kwang-tung and Kwang-si, seem as unadapted as Europeans to work in a torrid climate, and have had a terrible death-rate on tropical plantations.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
A LADY'S LIFE IN COLOMBIA.

"WHERE is Heligoland, dear ?"

"Don't you know, dear ! It's one of those places Stanley has just discovered."

If I remember rightly, two charming young women said this in *Punch* some little time ago. It sounds absurd, of

course ; but upon my honor the geographical knowledge of ninety-nine hundredths of our educated fellow-creatures is not very much further advanced.

"Going to Colombia ?" as I volunteer the information. "Oh," with a pause of uncertainty, "I see. Colombia, British Columbia," with a delicate but distinct accent on the *lum*, to gently intimate my shortcomings.

"No, not British Columbia," meekly ; "Colombia, in South America, you know."

"Oh !" with an air of having imperfectly heard my first announcement, but *now* being quite on firm ground. "South America — of course. And will you be far from Buenos Ayres, dear ? I have some cousins there."

As my own geographical knowledge, though extensive, is not unlimited, and I am unable to tell to a few hundred miles how far I shall be from my questioner's kin, I answer cautiously, "Oh, yes — some distance, I fancy."

As my readers may possibly be also a little hazy as to my whereabouts, I will briefly mention that Colombia is in the north-west of South America, with an area of over three hundred thousand miles, is a republic, is divided into nine states, was formerly known as New Granada, and rejoices in a constitution dating from 1863. The country was first discovered in the sixteenth century — by the way, think what a century that was to live in, when the possibilities of happening on a new country seemed practically limitless ! The veriest pessimist would have found life worth living then ! A Spanish exploring party, under Belcazar, started from Peru on a northern search for the Temple of the Sun, which, adorned with idols of pure gold, was said to be somewhere in the ranges of the Andes. As Amyas Leigh and his men sought and did *not* find Manoa, so Belcazar and his band never reached their goal, but they did come on some rich, gold-producing gravel, which induced them to found a colony ; and one little town at least, Mariquita, looks as quaintly old-world as any of our English medi-



several cities, with its old Spanish ruins and archways, taking one back for good three hundred years. It is a bit of a place; but Spanish piety was redundant in those days—piety which had effected an absolute divorce from morality—and seven churches were built there, of which but one is left.

Though the Temple of the Sun never gladdened their eyes, the colonization of Colombia was a lucky thing for the Spaniards. There was gold, and there were Indians. Spanish arithmetic made the product riches for the white man, and hideous, hopeless slavery for the brown. Spain has a fair amount of human suffering to answer for, with her little arrangements of the Holy Office and the *autos-da-fé*; but nowhere perhaps has Spanish cruelty been more full-blown and frightful than in the barbarities inflicted on the gentle, friendly aborigines who fell under their yoke in the New World. About a century ago Colombia shook herself free of the mother country, and seems at present, having no navy, and not much of an army, and therefore being incapable of showing her teeth to her neighbors, to chiefly occupy herself in a series of little revolutions between the Liberals and the Conservatives. A thousand men were killed in 1877 in a fight in the plains below Frias, which an English lady and gentleman watched from their windows. In 1885 the two opposing parties fought for a bridge at Mariquita, and the next day an Englishman from Malpaso rode past, and counted forty corpses, the amiable Colombian custom in time of war being, "Let the dead bury their dead." During this little war the first mentioned Englishman had in his charge £8,000 of gold, which, for better security, he took to bed with him. Fortunately, in these little affairs Colombians keep themselves to themselves, and do not molest English, or any other strangers within their gates; but as all communication with the coast is cut off, it sometimes happens that for a year the unhappy foreigner is unable either to send or receive letters, and his horses and mules are always appropriated by

the government when a war is on, an allowance for them, however, being generally made afterwards.

People who go to Colombia must make up their minds to leave their nerves behind them. Revolutions and earthquakes—these, however, though common, not being serious, only a little *tremblement de terre*, rattling china and shaking doors—not like the dreadful Riviera *secousses*—lurks, alligators, and scorpions being among the commonplace facts of existence; and if the husband is a medical man to one of the mining companies, his wife must make up her mind that about every four days in a fortnight he will be away on his long round, and, unless she can go with him, she must make herself happy alone—servants don't sleep in the house—with a baby and a revolver. On the other hand, to set against all these cons—the pros—the climate, the scenery, the flowers, the birds, the trees. To a botanist, an entomologist, an ornithologist, a naturalist, Colombia would be paradise.

Our destination was Frias, which we reached at long last. Somehow, in these days, distance seems so annihilated with expresses and mail steamers, that it has all the charm of novelty to hear of a real old-fashioned journey, where one has time, and *more* than time, to see where one is going. I think Ruskin would approve of Colombian travelling. We are certainly not whisked over the country in a train like parcels as I think he somewhere unkindly says is the way of us moderns. We began in the ordinary way—mail from Southampton to Sabanilla, twenty-four days—and we took the same time to do the seven hundred miles from there to Frias! We started by waiting at Barranquilla—it seems rather an Irish way of putting it, but we *did*—for a steamer to take us up the Magdalena; and fifteen hours after we set out, we broke our crank, and had to run into the bank and wait there five days, till another boat came and rescued us. Another day we struck on a sandbank, otherwise the voyage was uneventful—"kinder monotonous," a Yankee

fellow-traveller remarked, but very delightful. The scenery was gorgeous ; the flowers, trees, and shrubs exquisite ; and some days the mountains were quite close. The river is beautiful, full of islands, and alligators well called "loathly," who take the air on the sandbanks with their awful jaws wide open. If the old ballad maker had ever seen an alligator, he could have turned Kempion's lady into even a more "laidly worm" than he did. In one day we counted a hundred and sixty. The heat was terrible ; and when we got to Honda, a pretty little place, something like a Welsh village, with mountains all round, it was a relief to stay there a few days, till the mules came down to fetch us. Frias is forty miles from Honda, and the road ! — *il n'y en a pas !* Thirteen miles driving across the plains in a buggy — during which we alternated pleasingly between a break-neck gallop and a crawl — brought us to Lombi. The nature of the road may be guessed when I mention that we were three hours and a half doing thirteen miles. After coffee we mounted our mules and began our ride. As I have observed before, people with nerves must not come here. I don't think a nervous person would have enjoyed that ride. The way lay up a steep precipice with loose stones. The mules took their own way, like Swiss ponies. We sat on their backs, but did not presume to interfere with them. As all one's resources were taxed to hold on, this was rather a fortunate arrangement. In about twenty minutes we came to clayey ground, and climbed on. There were only paths worn by the mules' feet, but that seemed all that was necessary. How the creatures go as they do — rushing uphill, jumping pieces of rock — and never making a mistake, is a mystery. Four and a half hours' riding brought us to Santa Ana, near which we met and killed a big snake. We had five hours riding the next day, so altogether it took thirteen hours to cover forty miles.

Frias consists of the North Tolima Silver Mine, the houses of the English

connected with it, and of one or two Colombians, and ranches for the peons, or native laborers. The English, who, speaking Hibernicé, are nearly all Welsh ! are mostly mechanics. It also boasts a chapel, very small and squalid — a priest, by the way, has only been here twice in six months ! — a prison, and a *fonda*, or general shop. It is forty-one hundred feet above sea level, and in sight of perpetual snow, but lies in a hole, surrounded by mountains. Our house is a hundred feet higher up. It is not an imposing structure — one-storied, as all houses hereabouts are — we remember our earthquakes — and consists of a *sala*, or living-room, with two bedrooms opening out of it on one side, and one on the other, verandahs back and front, and a small pantry. The kitchen, with a room for the female servants, is a separate building. The great servant question is not of engrossing interest here, and we do not indulge much in cook stories. Our domestics are not very troublesome to provide for ; they need neither bed nor blanket, but roll themselves up in a rug, and sleep where they feel "so disposed" — on the kitchen floor sometimes. Wages are infinitesimal. A cook, who is also laundress, gets twelve shillings a month ; a housemaid six shillings, and a boy to look after the mules and to do odd jobs sixteen shillings. As the female servants only wear a print gown and colored cotton handkerchief, their dress expenses are not great ! But, O ye British housewives ! we Colombians have an advantage over you which will excite your keenest feelings of envy ! Think of it, O London matrons, when next you settle your butcher's "little bill," we buy our meat at threepence halfpenny a pound, and our turkeys at five and six shillings each, our chickens are from sevenpence to tenpence, our coffee fivepence a pound, and our eggs twenty-five for a shilling ! A man and his wife and child, with three servants and three mules can live here and pay all expenses, including maize and sugarcane for the beasts, for £10 a month. *En revanche*, bedroom can-

dies are twopence halfpenny each, and petroleum three and sixpence a gallon; and it must be admitted that clothing is an awful price. White drill, linen, and brown holland *can* be got at very big prices, good calico there is none, and the print is like paper. Boots are well-nigh unattainable luxuries, and a pair of canvas shoes for a two-year-old boy cost four shillings. However, as it really does not matter *what* one wears in this most unsophisticated region, the want of fashionable attire is not so awful as it might be. The latest mode in bonnets, *par exemple*, is a thing with which we have absolutely no concern. Nothing is ever seen here but sugar-loaf hats, made of the very finest straw. The sight of a lady on her travels is startling to the uninitiated. Imagine her seated on a small mule, with a very long flowing habit, put on *over* the dress, her head and body covered with a large sheet, for the sake of coolness, merely the face showing; a sugar-loaf hat, and a small parasol as the crowning effort of elegance. One Yankee dame added to the effect by insisting on retaining a dress improver under her habit, which had at least the merit of originality. Colombian fashion sanctions for ball dresses such curious combinations as blue and orange plush, and white, thickly covered with a floral design in brown and blue, heavily ruched and puffed, and enriched with a front breadth of pale green spotted satin. At a dance, or *bailé*, wall-flowers are things unknown, as there are at least ten men to every woman present. The music consists of a *tiptly* and a *bandola*; the lords of creation are refreshed with *acquadiente*—the native spirit—rum, and beer—at three shillings a pint; the women with sponge cakes, *dulce*, and tea. As soon as a dance is ended, etiquette forbids a man to talk to his partner; so the lady is solemnly conducted to a seat among the rest of her sex, her cavalier makes a magnificent bow and retires to *his* kind, who congregate on the opposite side of the room—a kind of sheep and goats arrangement, terribly contrary to

the views of any British match-making mamma of well-regulated mind. At one dance, which ended at 3.30 A.M., when it was pitch dark, the guests left in a procession, riding mules, and carrying lighted tallow candles. Carriages are not; every one rides; and the mules, who are far more numerous than, and generally very superior to the horses, average £12 to £20 each, while a horse can be bought as low as £7. The marvellous surefootedness of these mules makes them perfect treasures in a region where every place is up and down, and where some of the roads, so called, are like flights of stone steps. I have no hesitation in saying that some of these creatures could be ridden with absolute safety up and down any staircase in England.

"The weather?" Do I hear you, as a true-born Briton, inquiring anent the national subject? *We have none.* That perpetual rammering, that wearisome reiteration of inanity, "talking about the weather," is unknown here. We have a *climate*—and a climate that knows how to behave itself in a rational and regular manner—not all fits and starts and inconsistency, such as you endure at home. Our climate—let me beg you not to mention "weather" again—is delightful, like an English May or June on its best behavior, and *never varies* (think of that, O ye happy islanders, who put up a parasol one day and wrap yourselves in furs the next!). That is the case with us here at Frias. Of course, as one goes up or down, the temperature changes. A few days' ride from here in the plains, it is 100° in the shade; while going upwards, great coats and furs are desirable. Indeed, high up, where it is all rock, bare, or overgrown with lichen, when water actually boils it is cool enough to drink. At Frias we live in the open air, literally, as doors and windows stand always open—at least, I can more correctly aver that windows are never shut, as they do not exist, and there are only wooden shutters in their stead. Our time is six hours behind England; and we ought to be, if we are not, healthy, wealthy, and wise,

for we go to bed somewhere about eight, and get up with the sun. I remember, in Switzerland, being dragged up the Righi by conscientious friends to see the sun rise there—the railway in itself was a nightmare—and being only too glad when, thanks to a beneficent fog, the sun did *not* rise—at least, dispensed with our attendance at his *levée*. Here it is rather different from the marrow-piercing cold of that unfriendly mountain; and it is worth while, even to the laziest of mankind, to see Ruiz (eighteen thousand feet) and Tolima (nineteen thousand feet), both extinct volcanoes, meet the dawn. Think of two glorious heights which could look down from four and five thousand feet upon the Jungfrau, and hold their own with the mighty nursery of the Nile—Ruwenzori itself! I always wonder that men never invented mountain worship, while assimilating their multitudinous cults. They always seem so unapproachably sublime—unchanging monuments of omnipotent might.

However, to the ordinary mind, perhaps, ordinary things are more congenial—the population, for example, which is *very* ordinary. I have seen but one Colombian lady with any pretensions to good breeding. The people are a mixture of the Indians discovered here by Belcazar and the Spaniards. The ordinary workpeople, called *peons*, are, on the whole, handsome, but small, idle, and ignorant. There are a few blacks, descendants of slaves emancipated in 1854, but the majority, from intermarriage with the *peons*, are of mixed blood. The term intermarriage is rather a *façon de parler*, for, as a matter of fact, marriage is a ceremony more honored in the breach than in the observance, as it is a very expensive process, and in the country districts priests are rarely seen.

The mention of slaves reminds me that I have not said anything about gold-fields. They are alluvial, that is, the gold has been “weathered” away from the original reefs, and is found in a gravel composed of quartz and a reddish clay. It is washed out by

water, led, under considerable pressure, through a pipe with a short tube at the end, shaped like a cannon, and called a monitor. Through this the water passes with tremendous force, sufficient, it is said, to cut a man in half, and describes a parabolic curve for a distance of a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet. It falls on the face of the cliff on which the gravel lies, and a few hours’ working will wash away a cliff of considerable size in an almost incredible manner. It is a very fascinating sight. The gravel, in a muddy stream, runs down a ditch with a sharp grade called a sluice, paved with oblong blocks of wood, between the crevices of which the gold, from its greater weight, sinks, and can be picked up at stated intervals—“clean-ups,” as they are called. At Malpaso, after six weeks’ washing, they cleaned up £5,000 of gold. It was the gold to which the poor natives of the country owed their destruction. The Spanish Conquistadores had no mercy; and the Indians, made into beasts of burden, died by the hundred under the lash, as they carried the hide-bound packages to the coast to be shipped for Spain.

We are in a land of flowers here—such orchids as my poor pen is powerless to describe. Oleanders and magnolias grow wild; and in our own garden we had in April Maréchal Niel roses, dahlias, sunflowers, very large sweetwilliams, heliotrope, and tuberose, all in full bloom. There are oranges, lemons, and guavas in plenty; and, oh, if I could but give the very faintest description of the forest! Just about us there are extensive clearings, as this is an old settled region, and of course; higher up, in a colder temperature, the tropical trees and flowers merge gradually into others less luxuriant, till Spanish oaks are reached. Palms come up to where we live, but hardly beyond, yielding to the ferns, many of which can be easily ridden under, while some of the hanging ones are twenty feet in length. In the plains we get to the *real* forest, and there one stops appalled at the utter inability to describe the gorgeous luxu-

riance. Let me take the words of one abler than myself — Frederick Boyle.

"Great tree-ferns meet across the bubbling water, their fronds translucent as green glass where the sunlight flicks through a canopy of leaves. Every tree is clad and swathed in creepers, huge snakes of vegetation, bare and ponderous, sunning their jewelled heads at a windy height above, or slender tendrils starred with blossom. Here and there is a vast hollow pillar, reticulated, plated, intertwined — the casing of a parasite which now stands unaided, feeding on the rotten *débris* of its late support, and stretching murderous arms abroad, in the world of leaves above to clasp another victim. Other trees are fading to a lovely death under shrouds of fern, which descend from the topmost branches in a grey-green cataract soft as a fall, three feet thickness of tender sprays. Great sheaves of bamboo make an arch of verdant feathers overhead. A thousand tropic blossoms unknown to us clothe earth and brushwood in a veritable sheet of color. . . . The forests of the New World seldom show that dim and awful gloom so impressive in tracts of Oriental jungle, probably because all the land was densely peopled when the Conquistadores came. But in the older parts where undergrowth is checked grey Spanish moss drooping from the boughs has much of the same effect. I do not remember where I described the trees thus solemnly caparisoned as 'standing like cloaked mourners in procession.' I do not now think of a better form of words."

Let me add one or two touches of color from a master hand — the hand of him whose "At Last" ends the dream of his long life — the glowing splendor of the tropics. "Trees full two hundred feet high, one mass of yellow or purple blossom to the highest twigs, and every branch and stem one hanging garden of crimson and orange orchids or vanillas." "The full sun-gleam lay upon the enormous wall of mimosas, figs, and laurels, which formed the northern forest, broken by the slender shafts of bamboo tufts, and

decked with a thousand gaudy parasites; bank upon bank of gorgeous bloom, piled upward to the sky, till where its outline cut the blue flowers and leaves, too lofty to be distinguished by the eye, formed a broken rainbow of all hues quivering in the ascending streams of azure mist, until they seemed to melt and mingle with the very heavens."

I wish I could name the trees, but many are unknown to me. Some I do know — mahogany, cedar, ceiba trees — and cacti, lianes, matapolos of all sorts and kinds. Do you know what a ceiba, or cotton-tree, is like? If not, let Kingsley tell you. "The hugest English oak would have seemed a stunted bush beside it. Borne up on roots, or rather walls, of twisted board, some twelve feet high . . . rose the enormous trunk full forty feet in girth, towering like some tall lighthouse, smooth for a hundred feet, then crowned with boughs, each of which was a stately tree, whose topmost twigs were full two hundred and fifty feet from the ground. And yet it was easy for the sailors to ascend, so many natural ropes had kind nature lowered for their use, in the smooth lianes which hung to the very earth, often without a knot or leaf. Once in the tree, you were within a new world, suspended between heaven and earth, and, as Cary said, no wonder if like Jack, when he climbed the magic bean-stalk, you had found a castle, a giant, and a few acres of well-stocked park, packed away somewhere behind that labyrinth of timber. Flower gardens at least were there in plenty, for every limb was covered with pendant cactuses, gorgeous orchises, and wild vines; and while one half the tree was clothed in rich foliage, the other half, utterly leafless, bore on every twig brilliant yellow flowers, around which humming-birds whirled all day long. Parrots peeped in and out of every cranny, while within the airy woodland, brilliant hybrids basked like living gems upon the bark, gaudy finches flitted and chirruped, butterflies of every size and color hovered over the topmost twigs, innum-



able insects hummed from morn till eve; and when the sun went down, tree-toads came out to snore and croak till dawn. There was more life round that one tree than in a whole square mile of English soil."

Near us the beasts are not numerous, owing to the many clearings; but we have within two days' ride pumas, jaguars—the "lions" and "tigers" of the New World—bears, deer, and wild pigs. By the way, the puma is infinitely more dreaded than the larger and fiercer jaguar, as, unlike the latter, it has a gruesome habit of following a human trail. Its own trail can always be distinguished from the "tiger's" by the small heap of earth thrown up by the fore paws. The humming-bird—the *oiseau mouche*, as Buffon calls it—is very common here. The old French naturalist gives a pretty description of it, which it quite deserves. "Of all animated beings it is the most elegant in form and the most brilliant in colors—our precious stones cannot be compared in lustre to this jewel of nature, who has bestowed on it all the gifts which she has only shared amongst other birds. Lightness, swiftness, grace, and the most splendid clothing all belong to this little favorite. The emerald, the ruby, and the topaz sparkle in its plumage, which it never defiles with the dust of the earth, and scarcely ever deigns to touch the green turf for a moment. It is always on the wing, fluttering from flower to flower, and possesses their freshness as well as their brilliancy; it lives on their nectar, and only inhabits those climates where flowers never cease to bloom. It is in the warmest regions of the New World that all the species known of these birds are found; for those which advance in summer to the temperate zones only remain there a short time. They seem to follow the sun, to advance and retire with him, and to fly on the wings of Zephyr in the train of an eternal spring." There are also exquisite butterflies, measuring ten inches from tip to tip, lovely green beetles and fireflies. One of these latter was caught one day, put under a glass, and forgot-

ten. Some one moved the glass, and in the middle of the night the firefly was found floating about the room, a perfect ball of light. The whole place was lit up, and the effect was so uncanny that the creature was gladly allowed to escape. It had two "lamps" in its head, which gave out a strong light when it was at rest; but apparently the real lights were under the wings.

But we have *other* forms of insect life, alas! besides fascinating fireflies and beautiful butterflies. In Stanley's "Darkest Africa," he gives a blood-curdling account of his little friends in the forest. We are not vainglorious, and we cheerfully give him the pas. He outdoes us in the quantity of different species; but *not*—would that he did!—in the quality of their kind attentions. We have the jigger—he is eminently at home here—only we call him *negua*. He is a *very* small flea, a sort of *multum in parvo* arrangement, and buries himself chiefly in the toes, down by the nail, but sometimes in the soles of the feet. If not removed quickly, it swells to the size of a pea, and the foot and leg inflame and break into sores, and one hops about, sorrowful and stockingless, in a native sandal, for many a day. Every night people arm themselves on retiring to rest (?) with big needles, wherewith to dislodge the unwelcome guest. They *do* say that if we would only follow native customs, and go about barefoot, and give up that extraordinary British habit of perpetual washing, we should be free from his attentions; but the remedy sounds worse than the disease.

The *æstrus*, or gadfly, generally confines itself to the cattle, but occasionally goes for higher game. The egg is deposited under the skin, and forms a large tubercle. Quite recently, a man had one in his arm, and another unlucky wight had one extracted from the corner of his eye.

*Ixodes*—Anglicé, ticks—swarm on the trees in the plains, and infest every creature they can hang on to. They are perfectly flat, and as large as a lady

bird; and when once they fix on the skin to suck the blood, it is impossible to pull them off, and they can only be removed by acid or grease.

The walking-stick insect, or "mata o caballo" — death to the horse — so called because it is believed that if it gets into the horse's food it is fatal, is about six inches long, six-legged, greenish-brown in color, with long antennae, the body no thicker than a piece of thin twine, and the legs than coarse thread. *He* is not so dreadful — but the ants! To keep anything from them, cups must be set in soup-plates full of water, and food must be placed in plates on the top of the cups. (It sounds rather like the house that Jack built.) The big, red soldier ants bite; the very tiny black ants swarm into and over everything sweet, and infest the bread. There is another black ant, which, unlike its relations, may be considered "a boon and a blessing to men;" but the first introduction to his kind was a little alarming. An army of them invaded the house one morning. They were apparently *en route* for somewhere, and could not break their line for such a trifling obstacle as a house. They came right through; the walls and floors were covered. Clothes were hastily thrown into boxes, curtains and vallances turned up, furniture put into a heap in the middle of the room, and the inmates retreated, leaving the ants in possession. They were a couple of hours marching through, but they not only did no damage, but proved of immense benefit, as they cleared out every scorpion, beetle, and cockroach in the place. One day an army on the march met a two-year-old laddie, who did not yield them the pas; so they went straight over him, to his extreme discomfiture, and he had to be hastily removed, undressed, and dusted, to shake off the invaders. If King Solomon had lived in Colombia, he would have thought it hardly necessary to bid the sluggard "go to the ant." You see, it comes to him instead.

There are snakes in plenty, but almost the only one to dread is the ter-

rible *fer de lance*, so greatly feared in Trinidad and Martinique, which is here called *tya*. There are many coral snakes — some six or seven feet long — of which one kind is said, I know not how truly, to be venomous. It is unfortunate that the poisonous snakes attack people, while the harmless ones are always anxious to get away. A young English lady discovered a snake in her bedroom, and one evening a family were visited by one in the gala. One creature, kept by an Englishman in a box, was apparently some kind of boa. For four months it ate nothing but one small kitten, which really seemed very short commons for a personage eight feet long; and an old tom cat was put into its box not long since, but, being a veteran, it resolutely declined to have a coil put round it, and delivered such weighty and discriminating blows on the snake's head that the latter declined further combat, and the cat was released victorious. Up here in the hills snakes are not so numerous as in the plains; still, it is not safe to venture out after dark, as they come out on the paths, and even the verandahs. The more pigs there are the fewer snakes, as their hides are impervious to bites, and they trample down *and eat them!* Well might the Jews call swine unclean beasts!

BARBARA CLAY FINCH.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
FALSE FIRE.

"SAHIB," said the village fathers, salaaming with much ceremony before Mr. Thorne, "Protector of the poor, you are the father and the mother of this village! We hail you as sent by the gods to our deliverance!"

Among the low hills of the Central Provinces of India it is not an unusual thing to hear of outlying villages becoming deserted, and all cultivation suspended, because of the ravages of tigers which have taken up their abode in the vicinity. After the terrible Indian Mutiny a very stringent Arms Act was enforced whereby but few na-

tives, and those only of known loyalty and good character, were permitted to carry arms. In consequence, even the limited execution which otherwise might have been done amongst the wild animals that roam the extensive jungles of India—for the native is not over-venturesome—was very largely curtailed.

Some months before Mr. Thorne's visit to this small village, a zamindar, or landowner, and his servant had been struck down by an enormous tiger which had taken up his quarters in the neighborhood. These two men were returning from a fair, seated in a *chhakra*—a light skeleton-cart built of tough wood, and capable of holding two persons only. On nearing the village, the ordinary country cart-track, over which they were travelling, ran for some distance through a belt of jungle. When half-way through this a ravenous tiger sprang from his place of concealment and fastened on one of the pair of bullocks which were drawing the *chhakra*. The servant, who was driving, immediately struck at the beast with his goad, repeatedly driving its point through the striped skin. Maddened by pain, the tiger left the bullock, and, attacking the man, attempted to drag him from his seat. Seeing this, the zamindar struck at the huge brute with an axe, with no better result than to draw the enraged animal's attention upon himself. After a brief struggle the unfortunate man was dragged over the side of the cart and carried off into the jungle. The terrified bullocks tore madly home with the empty *chhakra*—the driver, insensible from loss of blood, having fallen out by the way. The villagers, seeing the cart return tenantless, and guessing at the truth, organized a relief party and went in search of the missing men. They reached the driver just in time to see him die, but nothing was ever again seen of the zamindar.

This was the tiger's first man, and, discovering how much more easy it was to kill a human being than deer or hog, the sagacious brute thereafter—as a matter of convenience, and not, as is

erroneously supposed, because tigers, having once tasted human flesh, prefer it to any other—took regularly to man-eating.

In a very little while he became the terror of the country-side. Every European in the district who knew how to use a rifle, at one time or another had been out after him; but he, by his extraordinary cunning, had managed hitherto to escape their bullets.

Great then was the joy and excitement of the alarmed villagers when it became known that Mr. Thorne, in company with his young wife, was coming up their way on inspection. A deputation was formed of the village fathers, who, with a small present of plantains and rice, waited upon him immediately on his arrival. Throughout the district this man, because of his great success as a sportsman, was called by the natives "the tiger-sahib." He was even credited by some with having been a tiger in a previous existence. After welcoming him as the "Protector of the People," they proceeded to tell him the story of the unfortunate zamindar, and that of the subsequent victims of the tiger's rapacity. "And, sahib," they added, "only yesterday it killed a calf in broad daylight, and in the open."

The cowherd, it appeared, had turned his cattle into a field already reaped, to pick up what best they could among the jawari-stalks. The herd was grazing in the field close to the jungle, when the tiger sprang out and struck down a fat calf. Many people were about at the time, and the commotion which they made, coupled with the noise caused by the wild stampede of the bullocks, frightened the beast so, that, dropping his prey, he bolted back into the jungle. The calf, which was killed outright, had been dragged by the villagers farther into the open field, and left under a wide-spreading mango-tree. In the night the tiger had returned and carried it off.

Loading his rifle, Mr. Thorne, accompanied by a large crowd of excited natives, all talking together, went down to the tree under which the body of

the calf had lain on the previous evening.

The cowherd, with many fantastic gesticulations, had described the tiger as a demon of supernatural size and ferocity, and it was obvious from the footprints that he must indeed be an enormous creature. Moreover, it was noticed that the dead body had been carried, not dragged, right across the open.

For a time the party followed the track through the light jungle, searching with the eyes for the place where the ravenous beast had stopped to devour his prey. Before they had proceeded far, a couple of crows, perched in a high tree, "pointed" the spot. There, by some thick grass which fringed the dry bed of a nullah, lay a small portion of the shoulder of the calf.

The striped ogre must have made an enormous meal, and Mr. Thorne—who had spent most of his life amongst the woods and jungles of India, and had acquired a perfect knowledge of the habits of the beasts and birds inhabiting them—told his companions that the tiger at that moment must be close at hand, as he would not go far after such a gorge as he had had, and so long as there remained something for the second feed.

None of the natives, as may be readily imagined, loitered long in the vicinity after having received this piece of information. Believing that the tiger would not revisit the "kill" before sundown, Mr. Thorne also went back to the village, intending to return later on, and to perch himself in a leafy tree which grew on the bank of the nullah and in an excellent position for the purpose he had in hand.

In the evening, about five o'clock, as he was setting out, his wife came to his side, and, clasping his arm with her entwined fingers, glanced up at him with a winning look in her vivacious dark eyes, and murmured a request that she might be allowed to accompany him.

To the surprise of everybody in the little European world at Mr. Thorne's

headquarters, this keen and indefatigable sportsman had recently returned from leave—a time which he had spent in taking a trip to the old country—a married man. Greater still had been the surprise of his friends when they saw the woman he had wedded. It seemed almost incredible that the stern, wiry tiger-slayer should have selected such a childlike girl for a wife. She was the very last person in the world they should have imagined he would have chosen. Yet the strong man's choice was less surprising than it seemed. The girl's graceful figure and pretty ways, so unlike his own robust form and severe manner, were in themselves a charm in his eyes. By their force she had struck the poetic side of his nature.

When she stepped to his side with the extraordinary request that she should be allowed to accompany him tiger-shooting, her husband, for a time, did not answer her, but looking down into her sweet face tenderly, with just the suspicion of a quizzical smile playing about the corners of his mouth, he passed and repassed his hand over the faultless ripple of her soft brown hair. What happiness those little hands that grasped his arm seemed to him to have the power to bestow, if only by their touch! What a power of lighting up the soul of the strongest man appeared to lie in those beseeching eyes!

Presently he laughed a mocking little laugh, but almost immediately became reflective, as if some serious train of thought had cut short his mirth. Laying his hand upon her shoulder, he said calmly, almost solemnly, "Do you mean it, little one? You would not be afraid?"

Convulsively clutching his arm, and speaking so rapidly that her words almost tumbled over one another as she uttered them, she said, "Oh, do let me come! If you only knew how proud I am of you being such a splendid shot, you would, I know! Oh, do, do! I'll be so good and quiet!"

"Very well, little one, if it will give you any happiness," he answered. "After all, shooting from a tree is

stupid enough fun, and no harm can possibly come of it. Yes, you may come if you like."

In a childish outburst of enthusiasm, her heart filled with love and joy, with pretty impulsiveness, she drew down the bronzed face to her full red lips, and kissed him there before them all.

Night was rapidly shutting down when, with many blessings, the villagers conducted husband and wife to their leafy perch beside the nullah, and, having received orders to return directly they heard a shot, left them and went back to the village.

Then came the hush of the evanescent twilight, broken only by the twittering of small birds as they went to roost in the bushes. One by one the sounds from the village died out, and for a time the solemnity of a great silence reigned over all. At length the profound stillness was broken by a homeless dog howling dismally. He had struck the first note of a wild discord which would sound thereafter, intermittently, throughout the long hours of the night. Presently, from far off in the jungle, came a single sharp cry of pain, which sent the blood of the young wife tingling through her veins, and set the mind of the man wondering what tragedy was being enacted in the dark depths of the forest. A non a dull grey form sneaked out of the shade to within a few paces of the foot of the leafy tree, and gave tongue to a fearful ear-piercing yell. The chorus was instantly taken up by a pack of jackals that were skulking in the denser shadows, and for a few moments the jungle rang again with hideous cries. Suddenly the din ceased, and silence once more fell upon the forest.

By and by uprose the moon, clear and bright, its great golden disc barred by the topmost branches of the tallest trees. Slowly it mounted skyward. The surrounding objects, one by one, as the light strengthened, became more and more sharply defined, till at length those near at hand could be as clearly distinguished as by day.

Thus two hours passed without the

two watchers, who sat there silent and motionless, with a great longing at their hearts for his coming, seeing any sign of the tiger. The night, though beautifully fine, was raw and cold; and Mr. Thorne, expecting that his wife's ardor had become somewhat damped by the state of the atmosphere, suggested that he should fire the prearranged signal for the natives to come and escort them back to the village. But the brave little woman assured him that her enthusiasm for the sport was in no wise tempered by the night air, and expressed a firm determination not to move until he had killed the tiger, or until the rising sun had put an end to their fruitless vigil. Calling her a "plucky little girl," her husband, after fondly kissing her, and seeing that her wraps were well tucked about her, shook himself down into the most comfortable position that the circumstances would permit, and laying his rifle in an aperture between the branches, carefully "covered" what remained of the shoulder of the calf.

The moon rose higher and became clearer, the air grew colder and more dense, and still "stripes" did not make his appearance. From time to time a few jackals would come stealing out, always on the alert for the dreaded tiger, make a few sharp snaps at the meat, and scurry back again. Excepting for the faint, almost inaudible, noise made by these phantom-like forms in grey, an intense quiet was upon the land.

Midnight came and went, and still there was no sign of the tiger. By that time the positions of the two lonely watchers having become strained and painful to a degree, and the damp cold having penetrated to their very bones, Mr. Thorne declared that he could stand it no longer, and that he would summon the natives. As a matter of fact, he cared but little for himself, being thoroughly inured to the Indian climate. It was his wife that he thought of, and he knew that it would be dangerous to her health to remain there any longer. Not wishing to frighten her more than was necessary,



he decided to get down from the tree before firing the signal. Opening the rifle and extracting the cartridges, in case some twig might by chance catch in the trigger and his companion perhaps be shot, he clambered to the ground.

As his feet touched the earth, a solitary jackal came out and shuffled up to the lump of meat. The man watched this animal intently, believing that it would prove to be the herald of the nobler game. All at once the jackal stopped in the act of seizing a mouthful, threw up its head, and stood listening with ears pricked. A moment later he scampered hurriedly off, and was lost to sight in the jungle. Hardly had his form disappeared when the tops of the leaves of grass on the opposite side of the nullah rustled and glistened in the moonlight like slender blades of shimmering steel. In another second the grass parted like a curtain, and a magnificent tiger came forth with stealthy tread and stood over the "kill." Before beginning to eat he looked suspiciously around, and even up into the tree, for many attempts upon his life had made him wary. Then he began his meal.

As the tiger—perhaps the most beautiful animal, in his native haunts, that the eye of man has ever beheld—stood thus savagely tearing the flesh, the wondering girl looked on with mingled feelings of awe and delight, fearfully marvelling at the creature's bulk and horrible ferocity.

While these thoughts were passing through her head, her husband also was feasting his eyes on the noble picture of savage freedom, and for the first few seconds his heart, despite his steely nerves, beat wildly against his ribs. But the sensation of delight which momentarily shook his usual imperturbability quickly passed away, and he became as cool and collected as if the game he was after was a hare.

Dangerous as tiger-shooting on foot must always be—for these beasts die very hard—Mr. Thorne as often as not hunted them in this way; so now, the light being almost as good for

shooting as by day, and possibly wishing to give his wife a display of his unerring aim, he moved with slow but firm step from behind the tree into the light, his gun held in readiness to bring to his shoulder.

The man-eater, as a rule, is a mangy, cowardly brute, and seldom makes an open attack; but in this instance, the moment he saw the man, instead of making off, he uttered a low warning growl, as if enraged at being disturbed.

As the sportsman moved still nearer to get a better light along the line of his rifle, the tiger rose to his full height, and, drawing back his lips in an ugly way that displayed his fangs gleaming white in the moonlight, began to lash his sides savagely with his tail.

In another moment the woman above, every fibre in her system tingling with suppressed excitement, saw the light flash along the line of her husband's rifle as he brought the weapon to his shoulder. Instantly, as if by instinct, she clapped her hands over her ears. But two sharp "clicks," following one another in rapid succession, were the only noises she heard. Yet how terrible their significance was! Well might she have attempted to shut out the sound from her ears! Her husband—a man renowned throughout the district for his skill and caution as a sportsman, one who never had been known to make a mistake when in the field—had forgotten to put back the cartridges he had extracted!

Quicker than thought there followed a rush of inconceivable fury and rapidity, the mighty stroke of a ponderous paw, and—the rest.

When the villagers came to the relief of the widowed woman on the following morning, they found her with her mind too much crushed with anguish, her limbs too frigid from exposure to speak or move. In dazed consternation and bewilderment they bore her away to a mud hut, containing a small native bed heaped with straw, which

the headman of the village had hastened to make ready and place at her disposal.

For hours she lay on this rude couch without consciousness. Then from time to time she half opened her eyes, quivered the lids for a while, and shut them again. In due course came the distressing scenes which must follow all similar states of immobility.

Suddenly, without any apparent cause, she would laugh loudly, with an unpleasant grating in the sound with no sort of humor in it, which caused those who listened to exchange significant glances. She talked wildly, in fitful spells, of horrible sights, and, springing up in bed, though still asleep, would have rushed from the hut had she not been restrained. Constantly she started awake, shuddering, and looked fearfully into the faces of those about her. Then plucking at her hands absently, she would avert her gaze, and, with eyes that seemed cold even in the scorching sunlight, stare strangely into nothingness, as if she were trying to recall some forgotten thing. A minute later, with a heavy sigh, she relapsed into a state of semistupor.

So she remained for days, a picture of forlorn affliction and distress of mind most painful to the witnesses of it, because, knowing her sorrow to be beyond all consolation, they felt how utterly helpless they were to alleviate it.

Meanwhile the dreaded tiger continued his depredations with impunity. Having been so easily successful in dragging the several drivers from their seats in the *chhakras*, he mainly confined himself to that manner of securing his human victims. Twice since the tragic occurrence in which Mr. Thorne had lost his life, the skulking brute had carried off a driver in this way. Lurking in the jungle on that side of the cart-track which was opposite his haunt, so that when he seized his prey he might be able to proceed straight forward with it, he was in the habit of stealing along among the bushes, keeping pace with the vehicle,

until the driver came within reach of his spring. Then he would leap out straight at the unfortunate man and make off with him on the opposite side.

On one occasion a driver, half dead with terror, his teeth still chattering with fright, raced into the village and reported that the tiger had sprung at him, but missing his aim, had passed into the jungle on the other side without turning back.

It was when this incident was being excitedly discussed by the villagers, who had now become beside themselves with fear because of the awful presence in their midst of what they unanimously believed to be an invulnerable demon, that the solicitous watchers about the bedside of the invalid imagined that they detected a change taking place in the sick woman's condition. Her usual look of vacant indifference gave place to an expression of dawning intelligence. By degrees her listlessness left her. She became exceedingly restless, and would indulge for hours in most active mental absorption. Clearly something unusual was agitating her mind. Hourly her confusion increased, and the nervous anxiety which lightened her dark eyes became more expressive and more wild.

Nor were the villagers kept long in doubt as to the reason of this active working of her brain. The news of the man-eater's continued depredations, following upon the mental shock which she had received by viewing the death of her husband, had given rise in her disordered mind to an insatiable thirst for vengeance. The false fire which raged in her heart and brain burned away the form and texture of her gentler disposition, and transformed her nature into an angry spirit of flame. The vehement desire for revenge which had taken complete possession of her senses became maddening in its demand for satiation.

At length, out of the chaos of tumbling thought, grew a matured plan for taking advantage of the tiger's habit of springing upon the driver of the

*chhakra*, and so bringing about the monster's death.

Under the unnatural but sustaining influence of the flood of emotions which was rushing like a torrent over her soul, she left her couch and went out and stood before the wondering villagers.

The apparently firm tone of her mind, and the resolved energy of her purpose, combined with the unnerved state of the community generally, exercised such an ascendancy over the simple minds of the natives that they obeyed her commands with a degree of superstitious awe that they could neither resist nor control. By the aid of an indifferent knowledge of English possessed by one of the natives, and by the free use of signs, she was enabled to make these wishes known.

She ordered them to erect a framework of wood in the body of a *chhakra*, sufficiently large to hold one person comfortably. When this was finished she entered the cage-like structure, which was thereupon interlaced, and firmly secured to the cart with strong supple bamboos. Next, a straw dummy, painted and dressed to represent a native driver, was fastened to the seat. When these arrangements were completed, the distracted woman, her features startling in their distinctness, her lips painfully dry and restless, set forth from the village. As she moved slowly along, holding the reins of the bullocks with one hand and grasping the barrel of her late husband's rifle with the other, she was followed for a short distance by an awe-stricken crowd, profuse in clamorous advice or protestation.

Slowly the bullocks dragged the cart through the belt of trees and passed into the open country beyond, without any outward incident having happened. After a brief pause, the woman pulled the animals' heads round and re-entered the jungle. She had almost traversed it a second time when suddenly, without one note of warning, she experienced a terrific shock that nearly upset the *chhakra*, and which sent the bullocks careering madly along the road.

When the swimming brain had steadied itself sufficiently to enable her to summon enough sense to look for the cause of the violent swaying and vibrating of the cart, she saw an enormous striped monster within an arm's length of her, clawing and dragging at the dummy driver. In another second the fastening of the stuffed figure gave way. At that instant, without taking aim, without knowing possibly that she had fired, she experienced the sensation of a sudden flash of fire accompanied by a stunning crash.

Then without a word, without even giving vent to a cry, she sank in an inert heap into the bottom of the cart.

The report of the rifle-shot, and the great roar which followed, told the expectant villagers that the beast had been fired upon and hit. Something, too, in the way in which the howl of pain had suddenly ceased, emboldened them to advance in the direction whence the sound had proceeded. Arming themselves with knives, hatchets, and choppers, they moved in a body forward. On the way they met the terrified bullocks racing towards the village; but as the sun was rapidly setting, and as the little remaining daylight was, in consequence, precious, they made no attempt to stop the *chhakra*, but hastened on with much shouting, beating of tom-toms, and waving of weapons.

In the cart-track, not twenty paces within the jungle, mixed up with the straw and rags of the dummy, lay the scourge of the district, dead.

The one shot, an explosive bullet, had gone in behind the point of his shoulder and killed him instantly.

At the sight of their dreaded enemy lying dead, the natives became almost beside themselves with joy, rending the evening air with vociferous yells of delight. One old man, tottering forward, struck the carcass with the staff upon which he leaned, crying in anger, "Ah, friend! where is my grandson?" while a woman spat upon it and called loudly on the name of her husband. After this the whole crowd joined in noisy and profane abuse of the man-eater's ancestors and female

relations to the fourth and fifth generations, as is the custom in the East. Having thus vented their rage in abuse of the defunct, in language most offensive, they proceeded to pound him to a jelly with bamboos. After this they plucked out his whiskers, with the intent of burning them to prevent them being turned into tigers in another world, and then they besmeared their bodies with the fat and ate his liver to protect themselves from the demon of which they believed he had been the incarnation. In conclusion, they placed the carcass on a litter and carried it in triumph to the village, the crowd preceding the bearers with songs and dances, and indulging in roars of frenzied laughter.

When Mrs. Thorne came out of the dead faint into which she had fallen, she gazed round upon the faces that bent over her, with a gentle look full of intelligent sorrow. She tried to speak, but the sound of her voice was broken, as of one whose heart is afflicted. In another minute she was weeping softly. These were the first tears she had shed since her husband's death.

The false fire had burned itself out, and her reason had come back to her.

At times it is manifest that the mind of a gentle little woman — back again in her English home — is struggling with some vague indefinite thing, elusory and seemingly visionary, which she can never shape to her satisfaction. So it will be to the end. From the hour when, a helpless spectator, she saw her husband mauled to death, until the time when she was taken from the bamboo cage in the *chhakra* and recovered her senses, she has no positive recollection of anything.

Science, in her multiplex wisdom, will supply a natural solution of this problem of disordered reason; but the good people of the small Indian village, who were witnesses of her unconscious act of cunning and daring, are confirmed in the belief that the soul of the "tiger-sahib" had passed temporarily into the body of his wife.

JAMES BUCKLAND.

From The National Review.

#### CAMPAIGNING IN MATABELELAND.

MANY views of the above subject have been presented to the British public at odd times; to my mind, however, there has been too much of the *couleur de rose* about them. In one respect, of course, the war pleased those at home and abroad; it showed what could be done by a small but resolute body of Englishmen in the face of great difficulties and enormous odds.

But the war, on the whole, appears to one who has been through it as a member of the imperial force, and therefore strictly impartial, to have been for the sole object of aggrandizing and enriching the great Chartered Company. Other reasons are given; e.g., the desire to civilize savages, the stamping out of barbarism, the defence of cowardly Mashonas. All these are to some extent true, but gold and glory are the incentives to all such movements; and the grabbing of cattle and loot, the appropriation of land, the apportionment of mining claims, are what the leaders allow, and no doubt calculate on.

In fact, though it may be heresy for me to say so, there is much going on up country now which one cannot approve of. Without approving of Mr. Labouchere's sentiments, or endorsing his somewhat reckless charges, I venture to say that there are many men like myself, in a position to judge, who feel that there is a broad substratum of truth in some of his accusations.

Having thus relieved my mind to some extent, I will proceed to the main object of this paper, viz., to give my unbiassed account of various matters of interest which are within my own knowledge.

And first let me pay poor old Lobengula a small tribute of praise. It was not his fault that he was involved in war; he behaved all through in a most chivalrous manner for a savage, and though I was one of those who, under Forbes, pursued him to the Shangani River, I make bold to say that a general feeling of sympathy for the poor old king pervaded the whole force, as

we tracked the wheel-prints of his old bath-chair, intent on his capture or destruction. And whether he died of gout, or fever, or hardship and exposure, he died with the consciousness of unfair and harsh treatment at the hands of Englishmen.

Much has been written of this pursuit of Lobengula, and indeed it appears to have excited more interest in England than any other event in the campaign. It was certainly a miracle that our small band was not wiped out after the fashion of Major Wilson's, but we owed our escape to the fact of the Matabele being well supplied with rifles and ammunition; had they been armed with the assegai alone one determined rush would have finished us, but they abandoned their old method of fighting at close quarters, and were content to harass us day and night with their rifle fire.

After nearly all our horses had either been shot or had died, we had to abandon everything of any weight, and took with us simply our rifles, ammunition, and what little food we could scrape together. We had to leave camp always in total silence so as to get off on the march unknown to the enemy, and as an instance of the quietness with which this was done, on two occasions men were left behind in ignorance of the march having begun, either asleep or on picket, but on each occasion they managed to follow and overtake us, we being ignorant till then of their absence. Commandant Raaf addressed us to the effect that it was a case of the devil take the hindmost. If a man could not keep up with the column he must perish, as it was a matter of life or death for the whole body, and march thirty miles a day we must, hungry, tired, and ragged as we all were. It is a matter of common knowledge that we were reduced to eating our horses. Nobody who has not tried it can realize the odious taste of such food without flour, salt, or any kind of vegetable. It was as much as we could do to get it down our throats. One day I unexpectedly unearthed some coffee from the bottom of my food-bag, and to see the

poor, hungry fellows standing round us as we cooked it, looking so wistfully at the smoking beverage, would have been a ludicrous sight if it had not been so serious. I fully believe the whole camp smelt out that coffee.

One of the most provoking things about this war was the way one had to reluctantly leave one's food to the tender mercies of the fire on a sudden alarm. It was heartrending after a long and hungry march, to have to rush away to your station empty, only to return after the fight and find your food burnt to a cinder. It may easily be guessed how wretched this makes one when constantly repeated, as it was on this particular march. The enemy never left us alone. We became perfect adepts in the art of concealing the person. It is a fact that when once we gained our stations on an attack, not a man of us could be seen except when he raised his head to fire, so close did we lie, and this no doubt saved us many casualties, though all of us had numerous narrow escapes. I had a pipe cut in two. On a sudden alarm we used to drop down just as we were, smoking or not, and on this occasion I happened to have it in my mouth. I forgot all about it till a bullet knocked it out.

The constant wet—it rained nearly all the time during our return march, *i.e.*, twenty-one days—rotted our boots, and we were reduced to tying leather round our feet to protect them. In the hurry and scurry of leaving camp, too, one left overcoats, tunics, etc., behind; throwing them off in the heat of the day they got lost, and we arrived ultimately at Buluwayo in rags.

To show the care with which we husbanded our ammunition, I may mention that we had on an average thirty rounds per man still left, though we had started weeks ago with only eighty, and had countless opportunities meanwhile of shooting it all away. We never fired a shot unless we were "dead on" a Matabele, and the natural consequence was that they gradually became in mortal terror of showing even a wisp of hair. To jump up and



rush us would have been their best plan, and this we constantly heard their Indunas calling on them to do. "Throw away your guns and take up your assegais," was their constant exhortation, but fortunately for us they hadn't the pluck to do it.

Of course we lost our way completely coming back, and were guided entirely by the river, whose windings we followed closely, partly because, although it would have been a great saving of time and strength, we could not run the risk of taking short cuts, and partly because by keeping the river on our flank it seemed to form some sort of protection on that side. We met the relief party about a day out of Inyati, and there I am happy to say our troubles ended.

As regards some of the earlier incidents of the war, for instance what is known over here as the massacre of Lobengula's envoys, I was in the camp at the time and so can speak with some personal knowledge of the matter.

It was the general opinion in our camp that these Indunas on arriving from Buluwayo, nominally in the company of Mr. —, should either have been treated with the respect due to their dignity and apparent mission (I say "apparent" because it was thought that their mission was a mere pretext to gain time for Lobengula), or, having been made prisoners as spies, should have been properly secured, because they were no doubt under the impression that they were to be put to death. But on the contrary, they were merely placed under arrest unbound, and immediately an opportunity occurred, they made what they considered the attempt to save their lives at any risk, which ended so disastrously for them. Concerning the so-called brutality in shooting them down, I would say this, that the guard had distinct orders to shoot them if they attempted to escape, and of this the prisoners were informed.

Very little information appears to have reached England as to what we knew as the fight at Impadine, that is to say when the column under Major

Gould Adams was attacked by Gambo and several thousand Matabele. This was undoubtedly the force which had been lying in wait for us in the Mangwe Pass, as we subsequently discovered a large number of their campfires there. But when, under the guidance of Selous, we disappointed them by skirting the Pass as too dangerous, and proceeded in a westerly direction, they all came down on us at Impadine. Our main body had gone right forward, leaving the majority of the wagons to follow from our last stopping-place under an escort of about fifty of our men with Khama and his followers. There seemed to be some mismanagement here. A new camp was selected in the worst possible strategical position, although the enemy were known not to be far off. It was whilst we were here and the wagons were on their way to join us that the Matabele descended on them and forced the greater part to form a rough sort of laager about two miles from our camp. The rest came in at a run and reached camp safely, but why the expedition was divided and the wagons left to follow on in an enemy's country with only a small escort has always remained a mystery. It is a remarkable thing that the Matabele did not succeed in burning most of the wagons, and cutting up their escort on this occasion. It will be remembered that this was not the mode of progression adopted by the other columns on their advance into the country, and I make bold to say that if it had been, the whole force would have been wiped out.

I was in camp with the advance or main force. Khama's men, who were supposed to be convoying the wagons, had arrived. Suddenly shots rang out a mile or two away, and the word passed that the wagons were attacked. Our horses, which were grazing all over the place, were cleverly collected and driven in, each man eagerly seizing his own as it came through the gap in the laager. Saddling up in double-quick time, we fell in, and the ordinary formalities of the parade were gone

through. Then off we went helter-skelter over the laager fence without waiting to go through the gap, and away in the direction of the firing. Just as we were settling down to a good steady gallop we were brought up sharp by the enemy, who appeared unexpectedly right ahead of us. Fortunately as we found out afterwards, they committed a bad error in tactics, and after coming down on the centre of the straggling line of wagons and cutting through, they advanced on our main body instead of devoting their whole energies to the small body of men guarding the rearmost lot of wagons.

When the line was thus broken most of the wagons turned back and formed up, as I have stated, in the rear. Some came on at a run and got to camp, whilst one in the middle was unable to escape either to the front or rear, and was looted and burnt; poor Corporal Mundy, who was with it, got cut up, but there were traces of his having made a plucky struggle for his life. When we were thus brought up about four hundred yards from our camp by the advancing Matabele, we opened out, dismounted, and let drive at them, but they outflanked us and threatened to cut us off, so we retired. They were at length driven back, and, remounting, fifty of us again attempted to get to the wagons whilst the rest outflanked the enemy on the left. We reached them after a gallop of two miles, passing on the way a burning wagon with the poor oxen slowly roasting in the yoke and poor Mundy lying on his face close by, gashed with their assegais.

We could not stop, as we were anxious about the others, but we found them well prepared with hastily thrown up cover and the Maxim with its skipper perched on the top of one of the wagons, ready to sweep the bush all round. We then all proceeded together towards the camp, keeping up a fire on the hills to the right. In the mean time the seven-pounders in camp were shelling the enemy on the hills, when, by some stupid error of judgment, our dust was seen in the bush, and, taking us for the enemy, two

shells were sent right at us, and burst over our heads. We got out of the way, and our bugler blew the "Cease fire" at once, but it was a mistake which might have been serious, and certainly ought not to have been made.

It will thus be seen that on this occasion our column was taken by surprise under circumstances which might have led to disaster. Happily, fortune favored us here, as it did right along considering the risks we ran.

Commandant Raaf personally counted two hundred and eighty dead the next day, and many more must be added to this number, excluding the wounded, who were carried off. Although little was heard of this engagement, owing, no doubt, to excess of modesty or some other reason, yet this was really one of the sharpest fights in the war, and if the enemy had attacked us with the same determination with which they attacked the Salisbury and Victoria columns, situated as we were matters would have gone hardly with us, no doubt.

With respect to Khama's defection, I and a good many of us have our own private opinions about this. In the opinion of some he was not treated with the consideration which was due to him. Neither small-pox nor cowardice caused his retirement.

After the fight related above at Impadine, Khama had been given to understand that we were to stay some few days, and his men had expended great labor and ingenuity on their fort. But we left the following day and proceeded together to a place called Ramaquabane, where much the same thing occurred. Khama's men again built a secure fort on the understanding that a stay was contemplated, but the column moved on the following day, and here Khama left us, probably disgusted with such inconsiderate treatment. This caused some anxiety at the time, for the rank and file at any rate were utterly ignorant of the fact of another white force being in the country, and it was felt very strongly that to advance under these circumstances three hundred and fifty strong was madness.

However, that very day, whilst I was on picket duty, several white men were observed making their way through the bush towards us. They brought the news of the success of the troops of the Chartered Company, and naturally all our anxiety disappeared. Just previous to this some natives had come into camp with the news of a big fight in which the white men had been successful, but no credit was given to their statements at that time. It is wonderful, though, how quickly news flies about among these people, and as a rule native reports were generally pretty correct.

The column arrived at the Khame River, fourteen miles from Buluwayo, on November 8th, and seventy of us immediately went on to join Major Forbes in his pursuit of Lobengula, which I have said something of above. That expedition, as we all know, terminated unsuccessfully, almost disastrously, but it was not without its good results. The moral effect of overrunning the country in this way was tremendous; we destroyed their kraals and took possession of their cattle right under their very noses, and it seemed to take all the heart out of them. Men of their temperament lose their pluck when they see their most precious possessions thus ruthlessly dealt with, and it had the effect of forcing them to come in and surrender; whereas men of a different temper will fight desperately for their hearths and homes. Accustomed as they were to destroying at their pleasure the wretched Mashonas without any serious resistance whatever, they could not stomach the way we rode rough-shod over them. They gradually began to realize that, powerful as they were in their own sphere of action, when it came to a match between their fighting power and the white men's, the odds were all in favor of the latter.

On the whole, no doubt South Africa has gained by the suppression of the Matabele, and British prestige has certainly been raised to a high pitch by this little campaign, but I still think that it would have been better if

the imperial government had kept a stricter hand on the Chartered Company.

The country is eminently suited for agricultural purposes, and in most places it is well wooded and watered, resembling in some degree an extensive English park, but it is by the gold that it must stand or fall, at any rate for many years to come. I am inclined to believe that there is not so much gold as is generally supposed, but undoubtedly there is a certain amount, and I have myself taken up a handful of sand from the river containing a good proportion of alluvial gold. When I left Inyati a short time back, I passed through Buluwayo on my way down country, and prospectors were out on all sides pegging out claims and searching for likely spots. When once it is known as a positive fact that there is gold in sufficient quantity to pay for the working and cover the initial outlay required to get up country, there will be a rush of all sorts and conditions of men, as has always been the case with newly discovered gold-fields. But it is not this class of men who will make the country. It does not want the needy, penniless adventurer, but the men with a little capital who will set up farms with the hope of a paying market at the gold-fields.

The Matabele are, or have been, brought up as warriors and warriors only. Their women do most of the cultivation, but there seems no reason why, relieved from the military yoke of savagedom under which they have groaned so long, they should not become useful and peaceful servants of civilization. It is certain that the country will be practically worthless unless the natives can be brought to work like decent Christians, and it is admitted on all sides that the worst fate which could befall the country would be the migration of the Matabele nation to parts farther north across the Zambesi.

The physique of these people is not so good as we might expect from their Zulu descent. You may see them of all sizes, big, medium, or small, but though I have seen men

amongst them standing six feet four inches high, they would not compare favorably with an Englishman or a Boer of the same height. They are mostly lean and loosely knit as far as my observation went, and their legs are thin, though it must be admitted that they are capable of great endurance when put to it. The way in which they have intermixed themselves with the Mashonas must account for this to a large extent, and breeding with a miserable race as these Mashonas are is not calculated to improve them, either morally or physically. Their sole wealth consists in cattle, and although these numbered many thousands, so precious were the animals considered that it was a most rare thing for them to slaughter cattle for eating purposes. They live almost entirely on grain, which they store up in large quantities in tubs, or rather big earthenware pots, which they bury in the kraals. We used, when destroying these kraals, to forage round with assegais, which we dug into the ground in every direction, and when we came on a store of grain we either appropriated it or destroyed it.

They managed to get most of their women and cattle away out of our reach before the war had fairly begun, but we often cut off parties of them marching their cattle off into more secure quarters. Altogether, at a rough estimate, I should put the capture of cattle by us at about thirty thousand head, more or less, but it is difficult to

guess accurately as they were scattered about all over the country.

The sale of sites for the township of Buluwayo has been recently announced, and many men are already trooping up from the south, but it is a case of each one bringing his own necessities at present, and the sole accommodation consists of huts run up quickly. One building of this description is dignified by the title of an hotel, and I had dinner here as I came through. On my way down I met the materials for a large number of corrugated iron stores and shanties; also, marvellous to relate, a billiard-table on a wagon in the Mangwe Pass, which had been stuck in the mud for some time, or rather, to be strictly accurate, was progressing at the rate of about three miles a week. Wagon after wagon was passed on our downward journey to the coast, and at this rate it should not be long before there is a township at Buluwayo, after the same style of those at Victoria and Salisbury, in Mashonaland. As I have already said, in my opinion, the success of those two big properties of the Chartered Company, Matabeleland and Mashonaland, depends on the amount of gold found there. As far as agriculture is concerned, pure and simple, there is land in abundance uncultivated much farther south, and unless the magnetic attraction of gold-mines continues to draw men up country, it will progress but slowly. The prospects of farming alone will certainly not draw men up there in large numbers.

A MEMBER OF THE BECHUANALAND BORDER POLICE.

**PALMS FOR AFRICAN PICTURES.**—At the annual dinner of the Institute for Journalists, Major-General Sir F. Grenfell, in replying to the toast of the army, navy, and auxiliary forces, told an amusing anecdote. He sent a sketch of a small fight, in one of the earlier South African wars, to a London illustrated paper. The scene was a sandy desert, but in the journal, when he saw it many weeks afterwards, there were palm-trees all about. On his return to England he remonstrated with the editor, whose reply was, "Well, you

see, the British public in dealing with Africa insists on having palm-trees." The London branch of the Journalists' Institute has largely increased in size, if not equally in accuracy of delineation, since that time. Mr. Rider Haggard, who proposed the toast of "the Institute," said that it had grown in ten years from a membership of six hundred to nearly four thousand in number. Lord Kelvin, president of the Royal Society, and other distinguished men, honored the dinner by their presence and their speeches.

